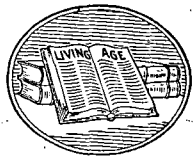
# The Living Age

Vol. 300
From Beginning




Vol. 13
Eighth Series

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Published Every Saturday by

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# THE BRITISH NATION AND THE GREAT STRIKES

BY THE RIGHT HONORABLE J. R. CLYNES, M. P.

THE good temper of the country in relation to the serious trouble in some parts of it is being well maintained, though nothing would be lost by a more full statement of reasons for inactivity on the part of the State Department particularly concerned. Moods may be managed in many different ways; what is essential is that they should be well managed, and while non-interference may be at times a good remedy, it can be regarded as a bad one unless justification for it is fully revealed. Justification need not take the form of lengthened controversy with wrong-doers. It could take the form of necessary reassurance for the public, for great public interests are at stake in the industrial upheavals which are now occurring.

No State Department, acting for the Government, has yet, for instance, either explained or justified the steps recently taken to give temporary unemployment benefit to a large number of people who do not want small weekly payments for doing nothing so much as the means of earning good weekly wages. The demand either for work or wages is a natural and reasonable one. It is for the Government so to organize our industrial affairs as to provide work so long as there are such arrears of work waiting to be done, and so long as present unemployment is the immediate result of a stoppage of services which were under Government control.

No explanation has been given to ease the working-class mind regarding the alleged sale of national properties, factories, and workshops, to private companies or personal interests. These workshops and factories were to a considerable extent built at public expense. They might well be managed now under national interests and turned to good account to meet pressing public needs. It is true that action on these lines would not remove all cause for discontent, nor would any action remove all cause, for unhappily it appears true that the political designs of the more vigorous spirits in some of our industrial centres cannot be diminished by concessions or by State organization, however sagacious it may be.

A design to establish a new economic order by giving the country a shock, and by the agency of immature resolutions passed at great mass meetings,



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cannot be diverted or destroyed by any reasonable approach which a Government may make, but those designs are fostered only by a minority, and that minority might be better handled.

The mass-meeting form of government is a new and, in some respects, disastrous, departure from modern trade union management. It is by some thought to be Democracy in practice; it more often is the reverse of it. A country cannot determine great economic questions and seek a settlement of unemployment evils on the basis of inaccurate leaflets scattered in large numbers among men who have little means of knowing the other side of the case. It is for this very reason that men should not be allowed to drift into acts of violence and seek to use these measures of excess as the instrument for industrial reforms of the highest importance.

No body of workmen, whether on the Clyde or elsewhere, can claim the right to settle a problem like that of working hours without regard to the general trade union and working-class opinion of the country. That opinion has not been sought in the manner recognized by the trade union movement, and it would be a bad day for organized labor to rely upon strikes and threats of strikes to effect the reforms to which workingmen are entitled.

While the Clyde is an instance of excess on the side of many workmen in the manner of presenting their claims, Belfast is an instance of excess on the side of employers in dealing with claims presented long ago by authorized organizations. There is nothing more provoking than what in the case of many employers' associations has become a common practice — the practice of delay. That strikes should become a habit is deplorable; it is not less deplorable that many employers have cultivated the habit of ignoring reasonable claims until patience on the part of workmen can no longer endure and force becomes the only remedy which workmen can think of.

The disputes of the present week cannot be cancelled by any suggestions which we may formulate now, but now is the time when all who feel any responsibility can do more than has been done to prepare for a condition of greater industrial peace in the future. Peace on the part of workmen must not mean submission to the existing order, but unless there is a peace secured to us by a full recognition of the rights of workmen they will continue to suffer most from a lack of the very wealth which their continued employment would help in creating.

Workmen need not be told that idleness is waste. Their strikes are sometimes a protest against such waste; but what a pity it is that the benefits of energy, skill, and enterprise are counterbalanced or destroyed by the great loss of wealth resulting from, perhaps, two or three weeks' stoppage on the part of large masses of workmen!

How, then, are we to furnish ourselves with a remedy? In these matters it is little use offering counsels of perfection; we must give suggestions which both sides may be in a mood to accept.

Workmen who put themselves in the position of refusing to negotiate for the settlement of differences put themselves in the wrong. Employers who put themselves in the position of refusing to examine and deal fairly with claims properly presented, put themselves in the wrong. A Government which, faced with these conditions, does nothing more than decide not to interfere, puts itself in the wrong; and all the time the three parties desire strongly to be in the right.

We have reached a stage where a

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trade in any one part of the country cannot settle for itself matters which are national matters and questions which are fundamental to the economic well-being of the country. A national body is, therefore, needed to watch over national interests, but it must not watch as a spectator; it must be qualified to act as a partner.

Not long ago the Government created a set of commissions to deal with the unrest which tended to shake our country in the middle of the war. These commissions worked hard, with very good results. Further back than that — before the war — a body described as an Industrial Council was established, consisting of many tried and experienced representatives of Capital and Labor. To such a body we could return. Upon it there ought to be some of the men who take the extremest view of industrial problems, but all who are on it should feel the throb of authority, and should not be mere ornaments to formulate suggestions.

The pre-war Industrial Council was commissioned only to suggest how other people could settle their disputes. We want a body for post-war questions endued with faculties greater than suggestion. The real acts which must be brought to bear upon our industrial problems cannot arise from debates on the theories of life or academic discussions on a state of things which is not. We have been brought very close to workshop realities, and masters and men (or the representatives of both) could well be brought together, authorized to give to the country the best guidance and counsel which is possible.

As to the Industrial Unrest Commission it would, I think, be of instant value if similar courts of frank inquiry were to be set up in the different areas, so that a swift and sincere report could be made, after sympathetic hearing of all the evidence, and submitted to the Government, not for academic and theoretical purposes, but as a guide to wise, humane, and immediate action. Let us have all the light and knowledge we can. Terror and suspicion are creatures of darkness.

The Observer

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# ITALY'S CHOICE

BY SIGNOR ANTONIO SALANDRA

PERHAPS the days preceding our declaration of neutrality were even more impressive than those resulting in our declaration of war. I remember July 24. I was at Rome, and the Minister of Foreign Affairs, the Marchese di San Giuliano, who was suffering from the illness that later caused his death, was at Fuggi, a little watering place some distance from Rome. In the afternoon the secretary of the Austrian Embassy came to consult me. He informed me that a very grave Note had been sent from Vienna to Belgrade, but did not give me the text. The next day I drove to Fuggi. Von Flotow, the German Ambassador and a close personal friend of San Giuliano, was staying in the same hotel. I had hardly informed my colleague of the news given me the night before when von Flotow came in, and at the same moment the telephone bell rang. It was a message from Rome communicating to us the text of the Austrian Note.

We appreciated the full gravity of the document. I turned to von Flotow. He was visibly going pale. 'What do you think?' I asked him. He replied, with embarrassment: 'It is really rather extreme.' San Giuliano and I had one thought, and I said: 'It is certain war,' adding: 'It is the collapse of the Triple Alliance: this moment puts an end to our Alliance with Austria-Hungary.' I must state that never at any moment had the Cabinet of Vienna told us anything of its premeditated provocation. The Note that resulted in the war was not known by us — a Government allied to Austria — until it was published by the news agencies. Von Flotow stated that he knew nothing of it, and I believe he was telling the truth. He was a diplomatist of the second order, and it was to Berlin's interest not to inform him.

From that moment our resolution was taken. If war was to result, and it seemed to us inevitable, we should not fight by the side of Austria that was violating her Treaty with us in initiating a war of conquest in the Balkans contrary to all her agreements. Our attitude was clear, although pressure was repeatedly brought to bear on us. It has even been stated that the Queen Mother was asked to intervene. I do not believe it. I can say that Queen Margherita, faithful to the pure traditions of the House of Savoy, in those solemn hours did not for a moment conceal her ardent patriotism. As for inducing the Italians to fight on the side of the Austrians against France, I can state that no government could have thought of it. During those days there was a moment when Austria-Hungary hesitated. It was after opening hostilities against Serbia when Russian mobilization arrived. But Germany then intervened and forced her ally to continue the war. The period of our neutrality was necessarily only a stage. Once the Triple Alliance, that had no other object than to maintain peace, had been broken by the act of Austria herself, we could not remain inactive when the fate of the world was at stake.

Quite apart from the breach of her engagements, Austria had multiplied her offenses against us. During the



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Libyan War she churlishly prevented us from undertaking an operation at Salonica; she prevented us from attempting a diversion in the Ionian Sea, and she paralyzed us by blackmail of all sorts. She wronged us more gravely still by undertaking an armed aggression without warning us, contrary to the letter and spirit of the Triple Alliance. I have a keen recollection of the interview I had with M. Barrère, who, on July 31, wished to know our intentions. I declared to him, 'You have nothing to fear from us.' 'Can I,' he said, 'communicate your declarations to Paris?' 'You can,' I replied, and he left me, greatly moved. From the German Government there was neither violence nor threats. The German newspapers attacked us violently, but the Government always hoped to win us over. I cannot describe to you the numerous steps taken by German agents. You can guess what they offered us at your expense, first of all to secure our assistance and secondly to insure our neutrality. We had then at Vienna as Ambassador a diplomatist of the old school but a man who was absolutely loyal and patriotic, the Duke of Averna. Loaded with honors by Francis Joseph, he had been at his post for several years. He came to Rome extremely distressed. 'I feel,' he told me, 'that war is inevitable. It will be a great grief to me. I must give you my resignation.' We made him realize that at such a moment, he could not leave his post. He still hesitated, but, thanks to intervention higher than mine, he consented to return to Vienna. He obeyed, however painful the task was to him. Months passed and we actively prepared for war.

The Chamber, had been convoked for May 10 but adjourned till the 20th, because the Chief of the General Staff had asked for ten days more to complete his preparations. I thought at that moment that it was necessary to sound the opinion of Parliament, and spoke with representatives of the various groups. My colleagues in the Ministry did the same, and we reached the conclusion that opinion in the Constitutional Parties was profoundly divided as to the question whether war should be declared or the *pourparlers* should be continued with Austria. Austria, as you know, offered us the Trentino, all territories west of Isonzo except Gorizia, and special treatment in the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy. The Russian retreat was beginning, and the opinion of Parliament was more than doubtful. In view of this situation our duty as a Parliamentary Government was obvious. It was to offer our resignation. This was the result of our deliberations on May 10. For State reasons our conclusion was kept rigidly private till midnight, when it was communicated to the agencies.

The King then offered the Premiership to three persons, Signor Marcora, President of the Chamber; Signor Carcono, an old Garibaldian; and Signor Boselli, *doyen* of the Chamber. All three advised my resignation should be refused. Signor Marcora added that he deplored only one thing, that we had not intervened in the war several months earlier. The King was quite decided, and he refused my resignation. The die was then cast. I can add that during those days the Government, entirely covered by Royal authority, gave orders that the preparations for war should not be interrupted for a moment. Popular opinion had become favorable to intervention. The invasion of Belgium and the acts committed by the German armies had aroused profound indignation among our people. They had hitherto known the German under an Austrian guise. It was, to Italians, a revelation of the brutality

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of Germany and of the mortal danger that her world hegemony might cause to Italy, even an Italy apparently aggrandized by the presents of the Kaiser. The Germans exulted at the news of my resignation. One of their agents, at Erzberger's orders, sent a dispatch in the terms *schöner blauer Himmel*, meaning, 'be absolutely reassured.' But Erzberger was not as fully reassured as all that. He got himself covered by diplomatic immunity and left the hotel where he was directing the German propaganda. Towards the end he slept at the Villa Malta, under Prince Bülow's roof.

The other day the President of the French Senate stated that France remained in the first line exposed to German invasion, and that she had need of guaranties. It is equally true of Italy. Germany in the course of ages has hurled herself on us more often than on you. We and France are the two Continental Powers that should form a united front against the revenge of the enemy who is to-day conquered, but whose population is again increasing, while its economic and military forces will be born again. I have told you how we entered the war. We then fought for forty-one months under the hardest conditions. We have a million dead and injured, and we have made economic sacrifices that, proportionately to our wealth, have surpassed those of the other belligerents. We have come here to seal an alliance that our supreme interests render indispensable, and to obtain such securities as will permit the free development of our country, in the future.

Le Matin

# THE POLITICAL SITUATION IN BELGIUM

BY VICOMTE DAVIGNON

THERE is no precedent for the political situation in Belgium. The Government which has undertaken to deal with it must first of all realize the profound transformation wrought by the war in the national temperament. King Albert, in investing M. Delacroix with the Premiership immediately after his return to Belgium, showed that in his opinion the first thing was to comply with the wishes of the occupied territory. The pre-war Parliament could not pretend truly to represent public opinion. Until circumstances should permit of a new election being held, no party could claim the right to take the preliminary measures for the reconstruction of a ruined and mutilated country. Already while in exile the Belgian Government (which for thirty years had been composed of men belonging to the Catholic party) had been reconstituted with a view to national solidarity and had been made to include some Liberals and Socialists. This time it was necessary to constitute a responsible authority in which all parties should collaborate energetically for the restoration of order.

In agreement with the King, the new Premier undertook to carry out a common programme giving satisfaction to

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the urgent claims of the Opposition in a way to create such confidence in the Government that the country might not refuse to accept, under its guidance, the trials which are inevitable through a period of waiting and incertitude.

There is no doubt that the relief of seeing the enemy obliged to evacuate the country which he had terrorized and persecuted for four years aroused unbounded joy and hope, which reality was certain to disappoint. The work of recuperation and reconstitution is colossal. Widespread goodwill is not enough to carry it through; patience and perseverance will be required. The various factions of the Belgian people have only united because they realize that the men who have undertaken the responsibilities of government are those in whom they see their own ideas reflected.

The Cabinet, then, is composed of six Catholics, three Liberals, and three Socialists. It includes the most striking characters of the three parties. The Prime Minister has no Parliamentary past, never having been either deputy or senator. He is a lawyer of high reputation. The speech from the throne, made by the King before Parliament on the day of his triumphal entry into his capital, contained the sensational announcement of a political reform on which, before the war, parties had been sharply divided. The terms of the speech and the circumstances under which it was written indicate that the Crown has really identified itself with the policy of the Government it chose.

King Albert, whose example ever since the German ultimatum and throughout the whole military campaign has been that of a popular and democratic chief, has made a bold move, for which we must give him the credit. He has covered with his prestige and his authority the immediate admission of the people to perfect equality in matters of suffrage. Since the first day of liberation, the Belgians have known that they would be called to the polls under a system of universal suffrage, pure and simple, at twenty-one years of age.

The reform of pre-war electoral rights which, we may remember, granted one or two extra votes to persons fulfilling certain conditions of capacity or property, is clearly justified and is a simple result of the war. Equality of rights must follow equality of sacrifice. There is no question of woman suffrage; but it is hard to believe that the principle, at any rate, is not implied in the human equality on which the new conception of electoral right is founded.

We must note that such a reform is a change in the Constitution. In normal times this could only be done by a long and complicated procedure, which would have postponed the elections under the new system until 1920. The Government asked Parliament to agree to a simplification of form, solely justified by the exceptional circumstances caused by the war, which, dispensing with the legal procedure, will allow the new Parliament to be elected by simple universal suffrage. The Parliament thus elected will have to take measures for the definite reconstruction of the country. The present Government, a concentration Government, is only concerned with the immediate revival of normal conditions. With this object it is trying to do away with everything which might prevent any important part of the community from accepting its guidance. The grant of electoral equality is inspired by this idea, as is also the guaranty of complete liberty to trades unions by the abolition of a clause in the law which fettered it. With the same object the Government programme includes the

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establishment of a university for the Flemish language.

In virtue of these rapid political reforms, which have swept the ground of old controversies, the Government expects to acquire sufficient authority to have the measures dictated by necessity accepted by the country.

Manufacturers must be induced to combine disinterestedly, for their common good, and according to their production, to share the raw materials imported through the intermediary of the Government. Workmen's associations must be met with a view to negotiating the return to work of their members under conditions compatible with the high price of living and the claims of men out of working practice. Trade in foodstuffs, which has been distorted by fraud and profiteering, must be placed once more on a healthy commercial footing.

The State must raise money for ordinary expenses by levying on both old and new riches, taking account of the unexpected movements of public wealth.

The country must be cleared of the circulation of German paper money, the exchange must be kept up, and credit established at home and abroad. A valuation must be made and reparation arranged for the multiform and immeasurable damage caused by the war. Demobilization must be prepared and provision made for the victims of the war.

Even supposing that the present Government succeeds, between now and the elections, in finding for all these urgent problems acceptable solutions — and with this object each Minister has been provided with a council of technical advisers chosen for their practical knowledge and not from the political world — one cannot help wondering what will be the political bent of the country in the future. Many things depend on it, above all, the maintenance of social peace, without which sorely tried Belgium cannot work out her economic and industrial reconstitution.

The dominating idea in all minds seems to be a desire to work in every direction for a return of former prosperity, and an activity which should assure high remuneration for work in all forms.

Politics, properly so-called, have retired into the background. One wonders that they ever absorbed so much attention or gave rise to such passionate struggles. It seems absurd to many people that religious and philosophical ideas should have so exclusively influenced electoral campaigns. This point of view must necessarily bring about a moderation, from which one can only hope that the struggle between capital and labor may also benefit. In this direction the opportunity which is offered to regulate relationships between employers and employed before work recommences is unprecedented. The fact that the Minister of Industry and Labor is an intellectual Socialist may account for the absence of all revolutionary movement among the laboring classes.

Before leaving Belgium the Germans had, however, tried to excite the proletariat in the towns. The example given by the insubordination of the soldiers, and the tracts and pamphlets scattered among the workmen were expected to sow the seeds of Bolshevism, by means of which Germany hoped to snatch the victory she had failed to obtain by force of arms.

But it seems to be essential that cooperation between the various parties should continue for a long time if we want to construct a durable edifice. Therefore, no party worthy of maintaining an effective influence over the country can hope to achieve sole power

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for a long time yet. The coming elections will, no doubt, be dominated by this idea. They will go in favor of candidates who, apart from any special opinions, declare their intention of cooperating loyally with their adversaries for the common weal.

The care of Belgium's international position must, on the other hand, exercise a certain influence on internal politics. The country is only gradually realizing the part which its resistance has played in the victory of the Allied peoples. It is still ignorant of the evolution which has taken place among the nations through their efforts to further the common cause.

As the news of which Belgium has been deprived for four years penetrates to her again she will see the importance of her position in the society of nations, her part in the equilibrium of the world, and will understand both the seriousness of her responsibilities and the interest which the friendly Powers have in promoting her independence and development. Nothing can be more favorable for the constitution of an agreement between the patriots of all parties with regard to national policy.

Already the definite renunciation of permanent and obligatory neutrality and the demand for a fundamental revision of the treaties of 1839, both contained in the speech from the Throne, have aroused public opinion to an ardent desire to coöperate in the construction of a Belgium free in her friendships and enjoying the fullness of her territorial situation.

Besides this, the necessity of acquiring in the new world created by the German defeat an influence in proportion to her natural riches, geographical situation, her capacity for work, and the interest of the friendly Powers, is, little by little, taking hold of the most enlightened minds in the country.

The dual language question, so viciously exploited by the enemy, is one of the permanent signs of that Belgian originality, now for four years sealed in blood, which, since the war, has inspired a new sense of collective responsibility and national solidarity. It will be the task of the great Allied nations to help Belgian opinion to accentuate a tendency so rich in promise. For opinion will let itself be guided by a national ideal just so far as this ideal is held in consideration by Belgium's friendly neighbors. Honors by statesmen and compliments by diplomats are only one side of such consideration. It will be shown more practically in commercial facilities, economic privileges and financial support. In return for this material help, Belgium will give such productive activity as will pay ten times over for the advantages conceded.

In the past Belgium has been called 'the land of experiments.' This was especially true of social and political problems, for it has emerged victorious from severe internal crises. The experiment which Belgium is going to try today is without any analogy in the past: it is that of a rich country, reduced to the extremes of misery by a malignant and devastating scourge, setting herself to rise again from her ruins by devoting to this resurrection all the vital forces of her population through the widest use of modern liberty.



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# SOCIALIZATION: ITS BENEFITS AND DANGERS

BY LUJO BRENTANO

Two principal charges are made against the individualist organization of industry, its persistent injustice in the distribution of products and the anarchistic condition of our economic life. The share which each person receives of the total product of human labor is not proportioned by his service to the community, but by a system of ownership inherited from the arbitrary conditions of a past age, and by supply and demand as determined by social processes. As a result, the incompetence of the directors of industry occasions periodic crises, which ruin the innocent and the guilty, destroy values worth millions, and deprive hundreds of thousands of working people of their daily bread.

It is true that the danger of crises has been lessened during the last decades by the formation of cartels. But this seems to many as bad as driving out the devil with Beelzebub. It has substituted for anarchy the tyranny of a few all-powerful men. The confusion has ended, but with it has vanished the last trace of economic, political, and personal freedom. Nothing has done more to make popular the battle cry, 'socialization instead of trustification,' than the very efficiency of the cartels. If we are to have monopolies, let us have them controlled by the community instead of by private persons.

So it is proposed to make the government the sole owner of the means of production. All the economic activities of the nation are to be administered from a central office. An army of officials spread over the whole country is to ascertain the character and the quality of the goods for which there is a demand. Production is to be adjusted to this requirement. As a result, there will never be a misfit between production and consumption. At the same time the possibility of a just distribution of products is attainable. Each one will receive his share of what is produced, corresponding to the amount of time he devotes to services necessary and useful for society.

This proposal has an attractive aspect. The anarchy in production is to cease and each one is to receive a supply of material things, corresponding to his usefulness to the community. However, objections of a serious nature occur, which seem to create doubt both as to the desirability and the practicability of such proposals.

First of all, it is obvious that if every form of production, without any exception, is socialized, only those demanded can be satisfied which are recognized by the inspectors who superintend consumption. Only goods which are approved by them will be produced. Instead of individual taste, we shall have uniformity characterizing consumption. A foretaste of what we would experience has been given us Germans during the last years of the war. These conditions would be made eternal. Certainly, this plan is not calculated to make life in the future more joyous. But I already hear the reply, that that does n't matter, that this is an argument that holds good only for the people in better circumstances.



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The masses of the nation in any case can satisfy only such uniform needs, and if socialization of the means of production will give them a more assured, abundant, and better supply of goods, the possibility of producing in addition goods to suit the idiosyncrasies of pampered taste, is a matter of indifference. However, this argument overlooks an essential factor in the progress of civilization. Every real advance of civilization has started in the individual needs of single persons. They have been the ones who have managed to satisfy these needs. What at the outset was counted an exaggerated refinement of taste on their part and stigmatized as luxury, was gradually adopted by people whose wealth and social position approached that of these pioneers, and this luxury became an object of desire for the masses of the people, and finally the recognized necessity of all. Ultimately it becomes an indication of barbarism not to require what was formerly the luxury of a single individual. In the twelfth century people were outraged at the lavishness of the wife of one of the Doges of Venice, who came from Byzantium. She used a fork to eat with. To-day even the poorest people no longer eat with their fingers. The same progress has been made in the elementary conveniences of the home, in sanitation, and in clothing. There is no instance where progress has been made in any other way than by improvements first appearing as the individual luxury of a few and gradually becoming a universal necessity. The progressive expansion of the group for whom such an improvement has become a necessity, and the growing urgency with which that necessity is demanded by the masses, forms the lever that raises all society to a higher level of material and intellectual welfare. If production were to be regulated in the mechanical and systematic way which is recommended by the Socialists, further progress in civilization would be seriously endangered.

A second danger is lest, in place of the personal freedom for which we all are eager, we might have an increase of political dependence. There is no doubt but what it is a fine idea for a central economic administration to allot each man a definite share of all the products of labor, according to the service which he renders the community. But who is to decide this? The judges will be men possessing all the weaknesses of other men. What security have we that these gentlemen may not betray the same partiality which exists in so many other spheres of government administration at the present time?

A third danger would result from the incapacity of the bureaucrats to whom the administration of the whole productive organization would be entrusted. To-day, production is in the hands of people whose whole business prosperity and private fortune depend upon their performing their functions in the most efficient manner possible. Their inability to do this, and the resulting periodical strain put upon our whole economic life, is one of the reasons for the present demand for Socialization. But that demand assumes that salaried officials, to whom the administration of the whole of the productive enterprises of the country would be entrusted, would perform their task with greater care and success than the present private employers, although their interest in the best possible fulfillment of their duties would be far less than that of the latter. This not only contradicts plain common sense, but it goes contrary to all experience. This is not the first time in history that the systematic regulation of production by superior authorities has been tried. The economic

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policies of Friedrich Wilhelm I, and of Friedrich the Great of Prussia, possessed many of these features. The Prussian bureaucrats of that day lacked neither intelligence nor devotion to duty. But the fiasco for which they were so grotesquely responsible ought to prove to anyone how impossible it is to replace the instinct of private investors and employers, inspired by personal interest, by the sense of duty of an official class. We need only to recall the experiences we have had during the present war with the administration of business enterprises by officials, to become convinced that Walter Rathenau's theory, that in the future the sentiment of responsibility among managers of industry will make the present *entrée preneur* unnecessary, belongs to the realm of Utopian ideas. Wherever the character of a branch of production calls for new decisions and new dispositions adjusted to constantly changing situations, administration by salaried officials will not be as efficient as the control exercised by employers whose whole existence depends upon success. Socialization is likely to succeed only in case of undertakings that are of a more or less routine character.

Finally, the systematic regulation of production by a central office assumes the existence of a closed commercial state; that is, of a state in which all the products necessary to supply the demands of the people exist, or can be produced. The war has shown us by the bitterest possible experience, how illusory such an idea is in Germany. The German business world before the war had dealings with foreign countries amounting to 21,000,000,000 Marks a year. In 1913 we imported from abroad food and luxuries worth nearly 3,000,000,000 Marks, raw materials worth 5,000,000,000 Marks, half-manufactured goods worth 1,250,000,000 and manufactured goods worth 1,500,000,000 and we paid for them with our own products. Our present privations are due to the fact that the war prevented this international exchange. If we are to satisfy all the requirements of our people by a systematic regulation of production in the hands of a central office, the authority of that office will have to extend over the whole earth and all the parts thereof, in order to assure us all the goods we need. Socialists like Lasalle and Rodbertus, who have thought out this system to its ultimate consequences, recognize this fact, and the only difference in their conclusions was that the first thought that 200 years and the second thought that 500 years would be required to reach this stage.

According to this view, we need not burden ourselves with concern over the universal socialization of means of production. We may leave confidently to the wisdom of our remote descendants the problem of dealing with the affairs of two centuries or five centuries later. Even our own present rulers, including those from the ranks of the Independents, have repeatedly stated that they are not planning a universal socialization of the means of production. Above all, it would be madness in a crisis such as we are now experiencing, to make that experiment. We have been impoverished by the war. We must have foreign credit to reconstruct our financial, commercial, and manufacturing edifice. The Americans, and possibly the Japanese, are the only nations in a position to lend us money. But our public credit is shattered. The security which our government offers is not highly rated. The only thing that we still possess is a certain credit which our private industrial undertakings even now enjoy abroad. But foreign capitalists would never

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make loans to us if we were to transfer our means of production from the possession of private parties to common ownership. Such an action would abolish the security beneath our credit. Everything that the community owns or is likely to own, will be fully engaged as security for the public debt we have already incurred.

However, if a general socialization of the means of production is neither desirable nor possible, nevertheless, reforms are practicable which will remedy some of the evils of the present individualistic system and that will constitute concessions to socialization of production as far as the latter promises desirable results. One such measure would be the extension of the cooperative societies. We would have a starting point in the consumption societies, which order goods in quantities corresponding to the ascertained requirements of their members. Their main idea is to pay back to the purchasers all profits in excess of the actual cost of handling the business. The price thus established is approximately the price required by the Socialist theory. In applying this principle the adjustment of supply and demand is very accurate. Such consumption societies have not been favored by the public authorities in Germany hitherto, except where they have been organized by agriculturists. The policy has been to put obstacles in the way of consumers' unions serving the city population. Bavaria even managed to prevent the establishment of a consumers' union for officers and civil servants, although even Prussia favored such an institution. In the face of such government hostility, the consumers' unions have attained a great development. A coöperative wholesalers' association has been formed in Hamburg after the model of those established in England and Scotland. This association buys at wholesale for the local consumers' union. However, it is something more than a consumers' union. It is also a producers' union, engaged in manufacturing articles demanded by the members of its constituent societies. This is a transition from individualist to Socialist production. The new organization is capable of further development. We are injured as a nation by the extravagant number of retail stores we have to support. Every street contains numbers of little shops of the same kind, where one would be enough and would be able to satisfy the needs of its customers more cheaply and completely than a larger number. To be sure, great difficulties stand in the way of transition from the present individualistic to even a modified Socialist sales organization. A great number of retailers would be put out of business. However, the ablest among them would find more satisfactory employment as managers of the consumers' union. Above all, our impoverishment by the war makes it the first commandment of economic life to attain the greatest possible results with the least possible expenditure. This overpowering necessity will compel us to reorganize our economic system on a coöperative basis, in spite of the difficulties which present themselves, and we shall do this whether we like it or not.

The coöperative principle has already found a wide application in agriculture. I have already mentioned the agricultural consumers' union. The development of the coöperative system, in connection with the granting of credit to small land owners, has been extraordinary. Our credit unions have become the backbone of a new form of economic life in the country. If we are to break up our great estates into small allotments, as is now generally thought best, this will make even

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the more urgent, further progress in the same direction. The first effect of the further extension of small farming is to fortify the position of individualist production. This proves an advantageous system where dairying and intensive cultivation are pursued. The situation is rather different in case of grain farming, where the small farmer is at an economic disadvantage compared with the large farmer, who can employ machinery in cultivation. The small farmer cannot procure this machinery with his modest means. In order to remedy this disadvantage, we might have compulsory coöperation. Through such a system the small farmer might enjoy the advantage even of the motor plough. In order to prevent our poverty from becoming greater, we shall have to apply such improvements to the fullest possible extent in every field of production.

Complete socialization is possible in all these great undertakings which are conducted by stock companies, and that from their nature can be run by the government or the local community as well as by the corporation. To this class belong, first of all, monopolistic industries. Some of these have already been socialized in Germany. For instance, we have the government post office, telegraphs, and railways, our city traction systems, water systems, and gas systems. Some of our electric light and power are produced directly by public departments. Several other industries should have been socialized long ago. Among these are the munitions industry and mining. Furthermore, important branches of insurance and banking, if not all of them, might be socialized. In carrying out this reform, it is not necessary by any means that the socialization should occur in such a form as to make the State the sole owner of the means of production in place of private parties. That is neither desirable nor possible. It is better to assure Socialist undertakings the advantage which private undertakings have hitherto enjoyed from the initiative of the people who controlled them. If we socialize these industries in such a way as to make the community merely a partner in their ownership and control, while leaving private enterprise a share in the undertaking, we shall retain the advantages of private initiative.

The prospective levy on property affords a method for socializing all monopolistic enterprises without laying a greater burden upon the owners of that property than upon the owners of property in general. Assuming the law to provide that each person must surrender a third of his property to the government, one third of every share of stock in the Empire would become the property of the State. This government share in every undertaking might be indicated by stamping the fact upon the stock certificates and one third of the dividends upon such stock would immediately become payable to the government. In this manner the government would become a partner in every joint stock enterprise in the Empire, without levying more heavily upon this form of property than upon other forms of property. It is understood naturally that the shareholders who are forced to sacrifice one third of their shares in the general property levy will be credited with this amount upon their obligations under the levy. At the same time it would be practicable to institute additional provisions, which would guarantee to the wage earners as a group a share of the profits made by monopolistic enterprises.

The situation is quite different when we come to the import and export trade. The principal function of that trade before the war was to serve the demands of our secondary industries,

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The concentration of exports of products produced by nationalized monopolies may prove advisable. In case of products which foreign purchasers must have in any case, such as potash and coal, the elimination of competition among the sellers may enable a better price to be obtained. The situation is reversed when we try to secure markets for half manufactured or fully manufactured goods. In the same way that individual enterprise plays a determining part in their production, mercantile shrewdness is a controlling factor in their distribution.

Consequently, the socialization of industry does not seem practicable in those branches of manufacture which have hitherto been the predominant and characteristic features of the German industrial system. But even in case of this field of production, the share which the masses of the people are to receive must be larger than hitherto. What a revolution has already occurred in this respect during the war, and especially since the termination of the war! On the 15th of November the General German Employers' Association, which has been the express opponent of such measures, assented in a memorable agreement with the Central Organization of Wage Earners and Salaried Employees, that the latter is to have an equal say as to the terms of labor contracts and shall be permitted to participate in the administration of factories and shops. The people who were formerly persecuted because they advocated in the interest of social peace, concessions then obstinately resisted but to-day granted without a quiver of the eyelashes, will be permitted to enjoy a certain satisfaction in this kind of progressive socialization.

The Neue Freie Presse

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# FLAME AND SNOW

BY LAURENCE BINYON

THE bare branches rose against the gray sky.
Under them, newly fallen, snow shone to the eye.

Up the hill-slope, over the brow it shone,
Spreading an immaterial beauty to tread upon.

In the elbow of black boughs it clung, nested white,
And smooth below it slept in the solitude of its light.

It was deep to the knee in the hollow; there in a stump of wood
I struck my bill-hook, warm to the fingers' blood, and stood,

Pausing, and breathed and listened: all the air around
Was filled with busy strokes and ringing of clean sound,

And now and again a crack and a slow rending, to tell
When a tree heavily tottered and swift, with a crash, fell.

I smelt the woody smell of smoke from the fire, now
Beginning to spurt from frayed bracken and torn bough

In the lee of a drift, fed from our long morning toil
And sending smart to the eyes the smoke in a blue coil.

I lopped the twigs from a fresh-cut pole and tossed it aside
To the stakes heaped beyond me, and made a plunging stride,

And gathered twines of bramble and dead hazel sticks
And a faggot of twisted thorn with snow lumped in the pricks.

And piled the smoulder high. Soon a blaze tore
Up through hissing boughs and shriveling leaves, from a core

Of quivering crimson; soon the heat burst and reveled,
And apparitions of little airy flames disheveled

Gleamed and vanished, a lost flight as if elfin wings,
Trembling aloft to the wild music that Fire sings

Dancing alive from nothing, lovely and mad. And still
The snow, pale as a dream, slept on the old hill,

Softly fallen and strange. Which made me more to glow,
Beauty of young flames, or wonder of young snow?



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# NIGHT BOMBING

## AN AVIATOR'S STORY

BY PAUL BEWSHER

Around me broods the dim, mysterious Night,
Star-lit and still.
No whisper comes across the Plain.
*The Night Raid.*

NIGHT! Before I knew I was to fly through the darkness over the country of the enemy, night had been for me a time of soft withdrawal from the world — a time of quiet. It still held its old childhood mystery of a vague oblivion between day and day, an unusual space of time peopled by slumberous dreams in the gloom of a warm, familiar bed.

Night was a time in which busy and scattered humanity collected once more to the family hearth, and, careless of the wet darkness outside, careless of the wind which howled over the roof and moaned down the chimney, sat in the sequestered comfort by the glow of the fire in a lamp-lit room. Night did not mean a mere temporary obscuring of the daytime world. One did not feel that out there in the gloom beyond the dead windows lay the countryside of day, hidden, though unchanged. One felt that for a time the real world had ended, and that as one drifted to sleep, the real house faded and melted away to ghostly regions beyond the comprehension of man.

In the days before my first raid, I used to wander away from the lighted windows of the little camp, down the long road to Toul, beneath the glittering stars, looking up into the blue immensity of the sky, thinking how I was going to move high up there — above the dim country, across the distant lines to some remote riverside factory, beyond the great fortress of Metz.

From that moment the whole meaning of night changed, and changed forever. Night became for me a time of restless activity; the darkness became a vast theatre for mystery and drama. The midnight obscurity became a thick mantle whose friendly folds hid from the sight of its enemies the throbbing aeroplane in its long, long flights over a shadow-peopled world.

The night became my day. *Dusk is our dawn, and midnight is our noon*, is the song of the night bombers. To them daylight is a time of preparation, a time of rest, but never a time in which they can fly upon their destructive expeditions.

A night or two later our turn came. The machine stood on the aerodrome: the wings were stretched and pinned up; the tanks were filled with hot water. I went to my little cabin with its rose-shaded lamp, and with a heavy heart began to prepare for the raid. I dressed myself in thick woolen socks; knee-high flying boots lined with white fleece; a sweater or two, a muffler, and the big overall suit of gray-green mackintosh lined with thick black beaver



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fur with a wide fur collar. On my head went my flying cap. I strapped it under my chin and got my goggles and gloves ready. I felt very out of place, so clumsy and grotesque, like a deep-sea diver, in the little room with its bookshelf and neat white bed and soft lamplight.

I had the terrible sinking sensation which I had felt before when about to be caned, and when in the waiting room of a dentist.

I looked at three or four photographs of well-loved friends and of gray London streets, knelt down for a moment by the bed, and went out after a last long look at the room and the unavailing invitation of the white sheets. I knew it might be the last time, and I felt quite a coward.

Towards the aerodrome I walked behind the towering line of moonlit hangars, beyond which I could hear the murmur of the engines 'warming up.' Between two tall sheds I stumbled, and came on to the wide grassy expanse where stood my machine surrounded by busy mechanics.

The engines opened out with a terrifying burst of noise. I collected my map case and my torch, and walked round to the front of the machine. I faced the two shining discs of the whirling propellers and gingerly advanced between them to the little rope ladder which hung from the small door in the bottom of the machine. Up this ladder I climbed, and found myself in the little room behind the pilot's seat. I knelt down and shone my torch on the bomb handle, the bomb sight, and on the twelve fat yellow bombs that hung up inside the machine behind me. Then I walked forward till I came to the cockpit, where sat the pilot on a padded armor-plated seat, testing the engines. I let down my hinged seat beside him, and sat with my feet off the ground. I put away my pencil and notebook and chocolate, and examined the different taps and the Very light pistol, and began to adjust the petrol pressure of the engines, which was indicated by little dials in front of me.

I was about seven feet off the ground now, sitting up in the nose of the machine, feeling very small and helpless, with the two great propellers screaming on either side a foot behind me, at 1700 revolutions a minute, and I felt very much like a lamb going to the slaughter.

Minutes slowly passed. I was itching with impatience. I longed to start so that I might have something to do to occupy my attention.

The pilot blew a whistle. The pieces of wood in front of the wheels were pulled away by the mechanics. The pilot's hand went to the throttle, and we moved slowly across the aerodrome. The front engine roared out, he turned round and faced the wind, with the lights of the flares behind us.

On went the engines with a mighty throbbing beat. At once we began to roll across the ground. Faster and faster we rushed. Below streaked the flare-lit grass as we swept onward at a fearful speed. The hangars were just in front of us. I sat, feet off the ground, with my left hand on the padded edge of the cockpit, nervous and apprehensive.

Then slowly, surely, the machine left the ground and began to move upwards, and soon cleared the top of the hangars. Below lay the moonlit sweep of the dim forests, the curving hills and the deep-shadowed ravines, looking pale and unreal in the ghostly radiance.

In front of us the phosphorescent finger of the height indicator slowly crept to 1000 feet. The speed indicator wavered between 50 and 55 miles an hour, and the dials which recorded the petrol pressure on the engines obeyed

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faithfully my alterations to the little taps at the side.

Above us was the wide expanse of the starlit sky and the cold moon. We soon found that flying at night was like moving through a dimmer daytime sky. Though the airman is hidden from the ground, yet below he can see a detailed panorama, a little more limited in range than that of noonday, but not much less distinct. This is, of course, on a clear night of ample moon. On dark and misty nights the change is very much greater. As we flew on we realized that the task was not going to be so difficult as we had imagined.

For a time I felt too nervous to look over the side, as I always have felt, flying by day or night, until the preliminary dread of a wing falling off which has ever haunted me, has grown less piognant. Then I began to look over the side, and the love of experience and excitement battled and pressed down the feelings of dread.

Far away on the moon-ward horizon a luminous silver mist veiled the distant view. Below the scenery of thin white roads, soft patchwork forests, little tightly clustered villages, and the quaint mosaic of fields, unrolled away from me as we mounted higher on the long wings whose edges now and then gleamed in the moonlight. Here and there were the little glowing specks of candles or lamps burning in distant houses, and some of the twinkling illuminations of the French signals. Far away in the mist a star shell gleamed watery white and slowly faded away. Beneath were the four white flares of the aerodrome and the little space of lit-up ground with an occasional gleam of light near the long line of hangars which I could see faintly below me.

Higher and higher we climbed. Every now and then I stood up and shone my torch on the two engines to read their dials, and to see if they were giving full power. Towards the north we moved, towards the gleaming Moselle and the distant star shells of the lines. Then the French observer grew restless, and looked over the side, and down at the compass in his cockpit, and at the timing signal lights beneath. At last, when we were eight or nine miles from the lines, he gave his verdict — the almost inevitable word *Brouillard.* He thought it was too misty. He stood up and leaned back to the pilot, and shouted his words of explanation —

'*Trop de brouillard!* No good! It will be very bad by Metz!'

We turned back disappointed, and drew nearer to the lighted rectangle of the aerodrome far below. The pilot pulled back his throttle. A sudden and almost painful silence followed the roar of the engine. In an agreeable tranquillity after the incessant clamor we had known so long, we glided downwards towards the queer world of the deep shadows. Slowly, slowly over the dazzling acetylene flares we floated. The most critical moment had come: the pilot was going to make his first night landing. I sat silent and unmoving, my left hand again subconsciously holding the edge of the machine in readiness. The ground grew imperceptibly nearer. We were below the level of the sheds. I felt a little vibration quiver through the machine, and then another. We had touched ground.

We slowed down and drew up near our hangar. I dropped out of the machine, beneath which the disappointed mechanics were gazing at the unbroken surface of the brown paper pasted below the bomb racks, and walked over to my cabin through a little pine wood. The rose-shaded lamp still shone softly. As I took off my heavy flying kit I recalled with a feeling of foolishness my fears and dreads when I had left it, and felt how wasted my sentiment had been.

Almost the next night we started

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again. Once more I dressed in the heavy flying clothes, and collected my maps and impedimenta. Again I bade a sad farewell, and again sat beside the pilot, feeling weak and frail. Again we rose up in thunder across the lighted aerodrome towards the stars.

The world lay before us hard and clear. No white scarves of mist were flung over the dark woodlands. The horizon lay almost unveiled, and above was the deep immensity of the night. Here and there across the country we saw the scattered lights of cottages and the twinkling of the French guiding stations. To the north were the brilliant star shells, and far, far away in the mist glowed dully the little red flame of some blast furnace beyond the lines.

As we drew nearer and nearer to Pont-à-Mousson, I felt how the meaning of the lines had changed. Formerly they had come to be a barrier almost impassable even by thought. I had felt that this was *our* side, that was *theirs!* Long had the trenches lain in the same place in this area. Now it seemed wonderful to be able to see signs of occupation beyond the German war zone. Our intended crossing seemed a sort of sacrilege, the execution of an act seemingly impossible. I felt as though I had put out my hand to the moon, and had touched a solid surface. It was hard to believe that our machine could in a flash change from the area of one great sweep of nationality and ideas and character to the other, and could pass unhindered, untouched, across that frontier of death to every living thing upon the ground.

So as I grew nearer and nearer to Pont-à-Mousson and saw a few scattered lights beyond the star shells, I began to wonder who sat beside the light — what German soldier or officer read a dispatch or wrote a letter, in what sort of hut or dugout. Then the pilot's hands would move with the wheel, and we would swing round in a circle. Again before us lay the French signal lights, and far away the faint glow of our aerodrome.

Then we swung round again towards the north. The Frenchman's arm went up, and dropped, pointing straight ahead across the star shells which rose here and there slowly, white blossoms of light which burst out into a white dazzling flare, and gradually drooped and faded away.

I sat with my legs dangling, and my hands crossed in my lap, feeling I had got to take what was coming unprotesting. Defenseless and frail I seemed as I sat beside my pilot, with nothing for my hands to do — with no control over the machine or over my destiny. My heart sank lower and lower . . . and then we were right above the lines. In the pool of vague darkness below I saw the star shells rising up and lighting a little circle of ground, and dying away, to be followed by small and spitting flashes of rifle fire from either side of the lines, where I knew some wretched soldier lay in No Man's Land, flat in the mud, in fear of his life.

A few minutes passed, and I began to realize that I was over German territory. The height indicator recorded 7500 feet. The engines clamored evenly, and the speed indicator registered 50 miles an hour, showing that we were still climbing steadily. The pilot sat immobile on my right — his heavy boots firmly on the rudder, his fur-gloved hands on the black wooden steering wheel, which scarcely moved as we flew steadily on. The electric bulb in the cockpit shone on his determined chin and firm mouth, but his fur-edged goggles hid those eyes which looked, now forwards to the horizon and to the dark shape of the Frenchman with his curious helmet in front, now downwards to the compass

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and the watch and the instruments of the dashboard. Keen eyes and ready were they, I knew well, watching everything, noting everything.

I wondered what lay in his brain, and what were his real feelings as he steered the enormous machine dead ahead into the hostile territory. My own fears had begun to leave me a little. I looked round with interest to see what was going to happen, and began to hum my invariable anthem of the night skies, which I have chanted during every raid — the Cobbler's song from *Chu Chin Chow:*

I sit and cobble at slippers and shoon
From the rise of sun to the set of the moon. . . .

Then on my left, a mile or so away, I saw four or five sharp red flashes whose spots of light died away slowly, like lightning. I felt excited. They were anti-aircraft shells. They were meant for us. We had been heard, then, and our presence was realized. I glanced at the pilot, but he had seen nothing. His face was fixed steadily forwards, so I decided not to tell him. Now I began to look all over the sky, above, below, and on either side, looking for shell fire, and trying to pierce the gloom to see enemy machines. I was on the alert, for I realized that we were heard though unseen, as we crept like thieves above the land of a people who wished us ill.

Then ahead of me I became aware of a beautiful sight, which I have never since seen near the lines — a city in full blaze. There lay a sea of twinkling, glittering lights with three triangles of arc lamps round it. It was Metz and its three railway junctions. I stood up and looked down on the amazing scene. There lay to our view vivid evidence of German activity. I could see here and there through the jumble of lights the straight line of a brilliant boulevard. It seemed strange to think that down there moved and laughed German soldiers and civilians in the streets and cafés, all unconscious of the fur-clad airmen moving high up among the stars in their throbbing machine.

The explanation of the fearless blaze was simple. The Germans in those days had an agreement with the French that Metz should not be bombed, and, therefore, they realized that it would be safer if its lights were kept on, so that it might not be mistaken for any other place. Gradually, however, we passed by this city lined in glittering gems, leaving it a few miles on our right. Ahead of us the intermittent red glare of scattered blast furnaces burst occasionally on the dim carpet of the country, blazing out for a moment and then fading slightly — to blaze out again before they died away, as the unavoidable *coulées*, or discharges of molten metal, were being made.

Still there was no apparent opposition. No searchlights moved in the skies; no shells punctured the darkness. The French observer, who was responsible for the navigation, looked carefully below and then at his map. We were evidently drawing near to the blast furnaces of Hagendingen. Then he turned round and began to shout instructions. The pilot could not quite understand what he said, so I assisted him. It was strange to be arguing in English and French, the three of us, a mile and a half in the air, fifteen miles beyond the German lines. We became so interested in our explanations and translations that we forgot our surroundings altogether.

'Let me talk to him. Qu'est ce que vous désirez dire, monsieur? Où est Hagendingen?'

The Frenchman pointed an energetic finger downwards.

'Là! Là!'

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'He says it's just ahead, Jimmy! Shall I get into the back?'

'Just a minute. Monsieur — c'est temps maintenant to drop the —— What's drop, Bewsh?'

'Laisser tomber! I'll tell him. Est ce . . . all right! *You* tell him, then! Look at the port pressure. I'll give it a pump!'

So went the conversation high above the earth at night in a hostile sky.

Then I lifted up my seat and crawled to the little room behind, which vibrated fiercely with the mighty revolutions of the two engines. I stood on a floor of little strips of wood, in an enclosure whose walls and roofs were of tightly stretched canvas which chattered and flapped a little with the rush of wind from the two propellers whirling scarcely a foot outside. Behind was fitted a round gray petrol tank, underneath which hung the twelve yellow bombs.

I lay on my chest under the pilot's seat, and pushed to the right a little wooden door, which slid away from a rectangular hole in the floor through which came a swift updraught of wind. Over this space was set a bomb sight with its sliding range bars painted with phosphorescent paint. On my right, fixed to the side of the machine, was a wooden handle operating on a metal drum from which ran a cluster of release wires to the bombs farther back. It was the bomb-dropping lever, by means of which I could drop all my bombs at once, or one by one, as I wished.

The edge of the door framed now a rectangular section of dark country, on which here and there glowed the intermittent flame of a blast furnace. I could not quite identify my objective, so I climbed forwards to the cockpit and asked the French observer for further directions. He explained to me, and then suddenly I saw, some way below the machine, a quick flash, and another, and another — each sending a momentary glare of light on the machine. I crawled hurriedly back, and lay down again to get ready to drop my bombs.

Below me now I could see incessant shell bursts, vicious and brilliant red spurts of flame. I put my head out of the hole for a moment into the biting wind, and looked down, and saw that the whole night was beflowered with these sudden sparks of fire, which appeared silently like bubbles breaking to the surface of a pond. The Germans were firing a fierce barrage from a great number of guns. They thought, fortunately for us, that we were French Bréguets, which flew much lower than we did, so their shells burst several thousand feet beneath us.

I was very excited as I lay face downwards in my heavy flying clothes on the floor, with my right hand on the bomb handle in that little quivering room whose canvas walls were every now and then lit up by the flash of a nearer shell. Through the quick sparks of fire I tried to watch the blast furnace below. Just in front of me the pilot's thick flying boots were planted on the rudder, and occasionally I would pull one or the other to guide him. The engines thundered. The floor vibrated. Below the faint glow of the bomb sights the sweep of country seemed even darker in contrast with the swift flickering of the barrage, and here and there I could see the long beam of a searchlight moving to and fro.

Then I pressed over my lever, and heard a clatter behind. I pressed it over again and looked back. Many of the bombs had disappeared — a few remained scattered in different parts of the bomb rack. I looked down again, and pressed over my lever twice more — my heart thumping with tremendous excitement as I felt the terrific

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throbbing of power of the machine and saw the frantic furious bursting of the shells, and realized in what a thrilling midnight drama of action and force I was acting. I looked back and saw by the light of my torch that one bomb was still in the machine. I walked back to the bomb rack, and saw the arms of the back gunlayer stretching forwards, trying to reach it. I put my foot on the top of it and stood up. It slipped suddenly through the bottom and disappeared.

In a moment I was beside the pilot.

'All gone, Jimmy! Let's be getting back, shall we?'

I leaned forwards and hit the French observer on the back. When he turned I asked him what luck we had had. He was encouraging, and said that the bombs had gone right across the lights of the factory. Below us now still burst the barrage of shells, while one or two stray ones burst near the machine. From the direction of Briey a strong searchlight swept across the sky and hesitated near us, and began to wave its cruel arm in restless search in front of the nose of the machine. As it drew nearer and nearer my hand tugged the pilot's sleeve a little, with a hint to turn. He looked down at me and smiled, and carried on. I knew that he felt no fear, and was less nervous than I was. Little did I guess when I watched, like a frightened rabbit pursued by a slow hypnotizing snake, that one searchlight moving in the pool of the night skies above Briey, how I should, later on, steer the machine through a forest of moving beams over Bruges or Ghent. That solitary searchlight was bad enough, and was full of the evil cunning which makes searchlights a greater dread to the night airman than shell fire. To be searched for by searchlights is even more demoralizing. It is as though you stood in the corner of a dark room and an evil being with long arms came nearer and nearer, sweeping those arms across the velvety darkness, and you knew that there would come a time when they would touch you, and then——.

Past Metz we flew onwards, and the city could no longer be seen. It lay in darkness, for our bombs had been dropped. Its lights had served to keep it safe. Now, lest it should be used as a guide, the city had died like a vision of the brain, and where had lain that filigree of sparkling diamonds was the unlit gloom.

The shell fire died away and stopped. The white beam of Briey moved vainly across the sky, darting in one swift swoop across a quarter of the heavens, and then hanging hungrily in some suspected corner, before it moved onwards again.

I felt supremely confident and at home. I felt I could 'dance all night.' I felt that for hours I could go soaring onwards over the country of the enemy with this triumphant sense of power. Fear had left me. I was not conscious of being in the air. I sat solidly and at ease on my little padded seat beside the pilot, whose arm I had affectionately taken. I peeled the scarlet paper and the silvery wrappings from the bars of chocolate, and pushed a fragment into his unresisting mouth. We were three or four miles from the lines, but from the danger point of view we were as good as across them. I stuck a photograph behind one of the dials in the cockpit, and it kept on falling on to the floor so that I had to replace it.

I fished out three or four mascots from my pocket, and stood them up inside the machine. I began to sing loudly. It was a mild reaction after the strain, which I had not been conscious of, but which had nevertheless been there.

It was a wonderful feeling to know that the job which I had dreaded was

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done, and that I had come through it safely. I wondered what the Germans thought of that huge load of explosives which had fallen all at once, for a Handley-Page could drop then about three times more bombs than any other machine in use on the Western Front. The Gotha, with its even smaller load, had not then come into action. The Germans must have realized that it was the beginning of a very unpleasant time for them.

At last the white star shells rose and fell beneath us, and we left them behind. Towards Nancy I could see a silver strip of river and a few twinkling lights. Near it lay the glare of a night landing ground. Ahead of us rose colored rockets from one of the guide positions. On and on we flew, and then we saw the lights of our own aerodrome far ahead. The pilot throttled the engines, and we began to glide down through the darkness to the row of flares. When we were over the rectangle of illuminated grass we circled down in wide sweeps, and landed gently in a long glide.

Blackwood's Magazine

# LONDON MOTHERS AND 'AMERICAN WOMEN'

BY ADA WALLAS

And many conversed on these things as they labored at the furrow, saying: 'It is better to prevent misery than to release from misery.' — WILLIAM BLAKE.

A PASSAGE in Blake's *Jerusalem* came into my mind when I heard of the offer by the 'American women in London' to help the 'Maternity Centre' with which I had been working. In it he says:

Labor well the minute particulars, attend to the little ones,
And those who are in misery cannot remain so long.

For the American women had recognized the truth of Blake's vision that 'minute particulars' are minute only in so far as it takes a specialized skill to see and a long training to detect their importance.

The 'North Islington Maternity Centre and School for Mothers' is one among a number of such organizations recently started to preserve child life and child health in London and other great English cities. The North Islington Centre (like others which took the name 'School for Mothers') had from the first laid stress on the educational as well as the preventive and remedial sides of the work.

In deciding to help us, 'The Society of American Women in London' did not begin by spending on 'bricks and mortar.' They chose to help educational work, slow because it follows nature, and respects and tries to guide the deep natural affection of the mother. It is comparatively easy to add to the numbers of babies whose weekly changes of weight are recorded by the scales of a Maternity Centre.

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If the public conscience of England were once thoroughly awakened, we might quickly secure pure milk for every baby and mother in need of it. But the permanent maintenance of any ground gained depends upon the co-operation of the mothers themselves. And to build up among the working-class mothers of a group of streets the habits of sympathy with the ideas, and coöperation in the methods, of a Centre requires the slow process of individual influence.

A casual observer who visits one of our Centres that aims at education, may consider its claim to be doing important educational work presumptuous. It will be found, for instance, that the number of mothers who attend classes at fixed hours, even when the classes are on such practical subjects as sewing or cooking, are comparatively small. But this is discouraging only to those who know little of the daily life of a mother of the working classes. Regular attendance at a fixed hour is often impossible. But, if by education we mean the process by which a mother learns to take long views of her child's health and happiness instead of short views, then our mothers are being educated. They learn, for instance, how to sacrifice the momentary peace obtained by giving a dirty india-rubber dummy to a restless infant to suck; or how with the patience born of love to teach habits of self-control to a tiny mite whose life is still counted by weeks. The superintendent of a centre gives short talks on method to the mothers waiting for their turn to see the doctor. The doctor week by week gives the detailed instructions. The mother acquires a friendly relation with the skilled nurses, in which there is nothing of the patronage of the village Lady Bountiful or the rough charity of the hospital out-patient department. Day by day the mothers are brought in touch with the best modern knowledge of the conditions of child life. Without that knowledge the goodwill and unselfishness of a workingman's wife would be pathetically wasted; just as without the intelligent coöperation of the mother the skill and knowledge of the best nurse and doctor can do but little.

The greater number of our mothers, whose babies are in normal health, get this education through regular attendance at the Centre, and to watch and foster it is one of the most encouraging sides of our work. But like all those who have helped in Maternity Centres we often came upon cases which we seemed powerless to help; cases that our hospitals, even in time of peace, have no place for, cases which English social organization has so far left to their fate. These are cases of delicate babies who are suffering from malnutrition in its early and less acute stages. The chief cause of this condition we found to be the ignorance of our mothers on infant hygiene, and we had regretfully to admit that our efforts at education in those difficult instances were still unsuccessful. Again and again we had discovered both that those babies needed the start that only professional skill and watching could give them, and that the mother needed more detailed instruction than could be given to her on consultation days. In the very cases where our work could have helped most we were obliged to see children not actively diseased losing weight and vitality week by week. 'If,' we had often said, 'we had a small ward where such babies were given a start, and where the mother could, before she took her baby home, have learned all that was possible to keep and develop the advantage gained, what good we might do!'

Life in our great cities at all times brings an undue proportion of suffering

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to the poor, and above all to the mothers of the poor; but in a great and terrible war, news of death and disablement comes with ruthless disregard of the young mother's health; and through the effect of constant shocks from bad news and from air raids the number of babies needing special care was alarmingly on the increase. It was to help such cases that 'The Society of American Women in London' started a baby ward in connection with the North Islington Centre. They went to work in the spirit we have grown accustomed to look for from the compatriots of Jane Addams, Lillian Wald, and Edward Devine, a spirit in which breadth of sympathy is combined with respect and care for minute particulars. The American ward at North Islington aims not only at the good of the baby while it is in the ward, but at the good of the baby through its life, by means of the knowledge which the mother will have gained before she takes it home.

A visitor to this ward will find at present (though arrangements have already been made for the extension of the work) only a small dainty and airy room, where five little babies at a time receive, for periods varying from a day to three months, the attention of our medical officers, ward superintendent, and nurses. Everything used in the ward is as simple and inexpensive as possible, consistent with efficiency; so that the mother may reproduce these conditions in her own home, and not have to contend with the feeling of despair which comes if she thinks that at home she cannot give the child what is essential to its health. The visitor would see that the American Women have built a shelter where the babies may spend the day in the open air.

The first important point of difference between such a ward and a hospital ward is the principle on which the babies are selected for admission. They are chosen from among those babies who in attendance at our consultations have been found by our medical officers to be suffering from malnutrition in its early stages, and whose mothers are thought capable of taking advantage of our teaching and training. To make this selection our medical officers, in face of piteous individual suffering, and the crying need for more room in hospitals for every kind of suffering child, have to cultivate that valuable hardness of heart which can refuse a case whose need is great, to make room for a case whose need can be helped by the special opportunities of the ward, and which cannot be helped without them.

The next point of difference is the selection and training of the nurses in charge of the ward. There has been of late a great deal of talk about the narrowing effect of hospital training, and there can be no doubt that the gallant band of women in our hospitals, who accept, perhaps unwisely, constant overwork as a condition of their existence, have not had the same chance which comes to people of greater leisure and freedom, of developing a large social outlook. 'I wish I knew what becomes of my babies,' a nurse in charge of a baby ward in one of our great hospitals said to me the other day. 'It's rarely we see them again, only when they are brought back with some fresh illness.' The condition of her life and her work made the fulfillment of her wish impossible. In a hospital ward the number of cases, and the often critical nature of the illness, make it essential that visits from the babies' mothers should be strictly limited. A nurse may find a mother who is emotional and uncontrolled a real danger to a child's life. She may upset the confidence in the nurse that has been so gently won, or if she is dirty and careless she may be a germ carrier.

But the work of our ward nurses al-

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lows of a different relation to the mother, and was started with the aim of creating that relation. The number of cases is small, and if there is acute illness in the ward it is only now and then, and because among delicate babies acute illness, impossible to diagnose in an early stage, may develop suddenly. Our nurses then need, not only high professional skill (for the ward is no day nursery), but they must be chosen from among those who in attaining that skill have kept an elasticity of mind that enables them to take up new work in a new spirit.

In this ward not only the child but the mother is the nurse's special care. Our nurses must maintain discipline. The nurse's word in the ward must be law, and she may be obliged, in the last resort, to send a mother away if her presence upsets the child. But our nurses' aim is to teach the mother so to behave that she does not upset the child, and to establish terms with her that make her willing on all matters that concern her baby's health to take professional advice. The measure of success in this matter is that by which the success of the nurses in our ward is gauged.

And the opportunity is great. Our mothers come to the ward not only on visiting days, but at special times arranged by the superintendent. The mother watches the nurse handling her child, she sees the preparation of its food and the giving of its bath, and better still, she does these things herself under professional supervision. When she takes her child home she has learned how to maintain the improvement gained. The child and the mother being members of the centre, she brings it back week by week for further advice. In 'ward cases' special visitors, professionals, or volunteers working under professionals, go to the home to help the mother in carrying out the doctor's orders under home conditions. I have seen the lessons given in our ward and have talked to many mothers whose babies are in or who have been in the ward. I am convinced that the education we aim at has begun to be given, because in all the cases I have personally come across the mothers set a real value on the teaching that has been given to them. One of these, a young mother of a first baby, quite without friends or relations in London, and whose husband was at the front, said to me: 'My baby is getting on splendidly now. Before I heard of you, I bought a book and followed all it said, but it is n't like seeing things done yourself. I know now what to do.' Our Superintendent told me that one mother brought her little boy after he had left the ward some weeks and said with pride: 'Is n't he lovely? I never take him up when he cries. I only take him up now and then for love.'

It is easy to smile at the ignorance of a mother who, losing her own milk, set to work, as the men in Mrs. Gaskell's *Mary Barton*, to feed a three weeks' baby with a spoon. Our nurses spend perhaps a day in teaching a fractious baby to take a bottle. It is a worrying and difficult task, but when it has been done, they send for the mother and show her how to prepare and give the food in this way. These children begin at once to gain weight and the calm that in all babies comes with health, and that means the chance of sleep for the baby's mother.

A case in which it struck me that our ward and our method had been particularly useful was one of a little boy, partially helpless on one side. While in our ward it was observed that the want of muscular control affected his sucking, and that he could not take enough milk on one side of his mouth. It was noticed that he only got the proper quantity of food by his bottle

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being given much more slowly than to an ordinary child, and by its being held in a special position. This was at once pointed out to the mother, and that child is now having the chance of a proper amount of nourishment.

In giving us the opportunity of working at these 'minute particulars,' 'The Society of American Women in London' chose work in which success can never be dramatic, and may even for some time be difficult to demonstrate by statistics. They are giving to a number of our working women, ready and eager to receive it, the best part of any education, lessons in self-mastery and in the acceptance of the guidance of reason in the use of the warmest and most unselfish impulses. They have joined the band of those who, in Blake's words, think it is 'better to prevent misery than to release from misery,' and in addition to the good they are doing now to the babies of London, their experiment will, if successfully carried out, have beyond a doubt a living influence on the treatment of such cases in the future.

The Contemporary Review

# MR. CECIL CHESTERTON'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

THE late Mr. Cecil Chesterton, one of the many accomplished young men who paid with their lives for the Allied victory, spent his last leave in writing a sketch of American history, which is now published with a brief memoir by his brother, Mr. G. K. Chesterton. Like his weekly articles in the *New Witness*, the little book is fresh, vigorous, and opinionated, with characteristic outbursts against financiers and Jews. It provokes criticism on almost every page, but it is essentially readable. Mr. Cecil Chesterton did not aim at producing a dispassionate record, based on careful study. He had formed certain impressions of the leading American statesmen from their speeches and letters, and he recorded them as his individual opinions, for what they were worth, admitting frankly that the weight of American authority was sometimes against him, as in the case of Andrew Jackson, whom he seems to admire most of all because he destroyed the National Bank. His main purpose was to make clear the origins of the Civil War, and to show why that terrible conflict had to be fought out, not so much for the abolition of slavery as for the larger and more comprehensive issue of the maintenance of the Union. He dealt very briefly with the old Colonial System and with the last forty years, during which America has changed and developed in an astonishing way, politically, materially, and morally. But he showed a keen sense of what the ordinary English reader needs by concentrating on the period from the early Presidents to Lincoln — a period which is little known outside America, though some knowledge of it is essential to the comprehension of the American national temper. We cannot commend the book for its accuracy in detail; the mistakes are far too numerous — as, for example, the statement that the colonists bore the Navigation Laws 'without complaint,' or the as-

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sertion that Fredericksburg was fought after Chancellorsville — and misprints abound. Its merit lies in its broad treatment of the large questions which have as great an interest for us, as a composite democratic State, as for America.

We like Mr. Chesterton's unusually sympathetic estimate of Thomas Jefferson, whose shrewd statesmanship has been undervalued by those who still take sides against him in his quarrel with Alexander Hamilton. Jefferson, the principal author of the Declaration of Independence and the founder of the Democratic Party, is often set down too absolutely as the advocate of State rights against Federal authority. It is well to be reminded that in purchasing Louisiana from France, Jefferson as President, gave 'a much larger construction to the powers of the Federal authority than even Hamilton had ever promulgated.' Mr. Chesterton might also have pointed out that, though Jefferson was a warm friend of France, and favored the premature declaration of war against us in 1812, he was by no means an Anglophobe, and in 1823 urged Monroe to accept Canning's proposal for joint action in regard to Spanish America:

> Great Britain [wrote the aged statesman] is the nation which can do us the most harm of anyone, or all on earth; and with her on our side we need not fear the whole world. With her then we should the most sedulously nourish a cordial friendship; and nothing would tend more to knit our affections than to be fighting once more side by side in the same cause.

The question of State rights — that is, of the extent to which the self-governing rights of a State could be pressed against the Federal Government acting for the whole Republic — was the fundamental problem of the nineteenth century. The Civil War decided once for all that no State or States could secede from the Union; but it needed the bitter lesson of 'Reconstruction' in the South, which Mr. Chesterton describes in a few vivid pages, to show that the Federal authority must not exert its power unduly, in time of peace, against the will of the majority of the citizens in a State. The author shows that the advocacy of State rights was not confined to the South. He quotes an angry Federalist, who opposed the Louisiana purchase, as saying that 'his country was not America but Massachusetts,' and that if her interests were violated by the unconstitutional acquisition of new Southern territory she would repudiate the Union. But as time passed, and the North became more and more predominant in wealth and population, such threats were uttered from the South alone. Mr. Chesterton commends Jackson for his threat to use force against South Carolina when she claimed the right to 'nullify' a Federal tariff of which she did not approve. It is not clear that the threat was necessary, but 'nullification' was of course only a mild form of secession.

The question of slavery, which the fathers of the Constitution had evaded, ultimately forced a decision on State rights. Mr. Chesterton describes clearly the successive compromises by which, as the West was opened up, the zone within which a man could own slaves was limited. But the South became conscious that, if it remained in the Union, it would sooner or later be constrained by the will of the North to abolish its peculiar 'institution.' The author attributes great importance as an irritant to the Abolitionist agitation in the North. The early Abolition Societies in the South aroused no hostility though they had little effect. Vested interests in slavery in the 'cotton belt' increased as the years went by. Yet the South as a whole was not consciously in favor of slave holding. Lee and Stonewall Jackson and Stephens, the Confederate Vice-President, were

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well-known opponents of slavery. The author's view is that the violent crusade in the North, led by Garrison, stirred up as violent a reaction in the South, and led to the 'conflict between the will of certain Southern States to secede rather than accept the position of a permanent minority and the will expressed in Jackson's celebrated toast, "Our Union, it must be preserved."' He resorts to a curious quibble in defending the action of the North:

> The resistance of the South [he says], though so nearly universal, was not strictly national. You cannot compare the case with that of Ireland or Poland. The Confederacy was never a nation, though, had the war had a different conclusion, it might perhaps have become one.

For our part, we are sure that there was at least as wide and deep a gulf between the South and the North in 1861 as there is to-day between Sinn Fein Ireland on the one part and Ulster and Great Britain on the other. The North was justified in preventing the secession of the South for precisely the same reason which would justify us in preventing the secession of Sinn Fein Ireland; sectional interests must be subordinated to the welfare of the whole community. 'If the Union were broken up,' as Mr. Chesterton asks of America, 'what could men say but that Democracy had failed?' As it was, the Union was placed on so firm a basis that no American would now think of challenging the Federal authority. The new Constitutional amendment enforcing Prohibition is in many ways a more severe blow to private interests than the abolition of slavery, which affected only a limited class of wealthy people; but it is safe to say that the States unfavorable to Prohibition, though they are among the largest and richest of all, will not dream of threatening to secede from a 'dry' Union.

The Spectator

# THE TANK COMMANDER

BY JACK SPUR

I

His commission bore the name of Henry Alfred Grafton, but to his brother officers in the 'Tanks' he was always 'The Count.'

He earned his nickname this way. He had come to us from the Rifle Brigade, and in appearance was a big-boned, typical-looking Englishman. We took to him all right, though we never felt that we knew him in the same way as we knew our other fellow subs. For one thing, he was no good at games. Then he was a teetotaler, and, worst of all, a glutton for work. Of course, some of us *had* to work, and, if he preferred it, it was no business of ours.

Soon after Grafton joined us Charlie Sommers came back from leave, and he and I went down to the mess together. Grafton was standing in the anteroom when Sommers and I entered.

'You have n't met Grafton, Charlie,' I said. 'Let me introduce you.'

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The two looked at each other; then Sommers gave a hearty laugh.

'Grafton, did you say? Why, this is "Graf," an old school chum of mine. — How do, Graf? I did n't even know you'd joined up'; and he shook hands warmly with our latest sub.

I thought Grafton changed color on seeing Sommers, and he gave my friend a meaning look. Anyway, Sommers said no more. Several of us had heard his remark, and asked him about Grafton, but he gave us no information.

Afterwards, however, it came out that Grafton's name had been Grafenstein, and that his father, a naturalized German, on the outbreak of war had changed his name to Grafton.

Grafton and Sommers had been chums at school, and they remained so in the service, but the rest of us held aloof. Sommers used to call him Graf, and as Graf is German for 'count,' as subs will, we christened him 'The Count.'

He took it all in good part, and when he was chaffed about his German descent, took no offense, and expressed no feeling one way or the other. Grafton went over in the same big draft that Sommers and I went in, and we settled down to our work together. We were sitting in our quarters one night, just before the big push at St. Quentin, when Grafton's name was mentioned, and one or two of the fellows began discussing him.

'It's a bally silly idea,' said young Travers, 'giving a fellow like him the command of a tank. Once a German, always a German! He'll hop over to his pals one of these fine days and make them a present of a nice new landship. Then, when they've cottoned to the idea and improved on it, we shall be boosted out by an army of Boche tanks.'

'Rot!' replied Sommers. 'You're talking through your hat, my boy. I've known old Graf for years, and I'll bet you a pony he's all right.'

'Don't tell me,' persisted Travers. 'Why, the very fact of his changing his name gives him away. I'll bet, if he gets a chance, he'll ——' and then he paused, for the object of our conversation stepped into the room. He could n't have helped overhearing what we were saying, for none of us was exactly whispering. He stepped up to Travers, whom he looked squarely in the face.

'He'll what?' he asked.

Travers looked foolish for a moment, then with an obstinate set of the jaws replied, 'I contend that a man with German blood in him, when in a corner, can't be trusted to play the game. He will remember that he is of the nation, his old sympathies will revive, and he'll be more likely to stand by the country of his descent than by that of his adoption.'

'The Count,' as he generally did, listened quite calmly.

'Travers,' he replied, 'suppose your father, disgusted with England, had left it when quite a young man, had gone to Germany, settled, married, and become naturalized there. Suppose you, as the son, had been educated there, imbibed German ideals, played German games, read German literature, and become convinced of the purity of German foreign policy. Suppose, also, that you had only occasionally visited England, and spoke the language imperfectly—I ask you, would your sympathies be with England or with Germany in this struggle?'

'With England, emphatically!'

'But suppose, further, that you hoped some day to — er — marry a lady belonging to the land of your adoption?'

'My dear chap, if my father had emigrated to Timbuctoo, and I had been born in the Brazils, of a Tartar

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mother, I should remain English to my finger tips!'

The Count smiled. 'Well, after all,' he said, 'England is not Germany. You may be right.' And he disappeared through the door.

Sommers turned angrily upon Travers. 'I say,' he growled, 'it's an infernal shame to bait old Graf so. He's a white man all through; that I'm sure of.'

'We shall see,' retorted Travers; and so the matter dropped.

II

In the push that followed, the tanks played a very important part, and much of the initial success was due to them. The Germans cut down the carriages of field guns to get a low trajectory against the tanks; but even when they made their surprise counter-attack upon us, though they knocked a good many tanks out, we flattered ourselves that they could not capture one intact, and therefore would n't have our model to serve them as a pattern to manufacture from. That idea was, however, rudely dispelled a few days later. Things had gone pretty badly with us, and tanks, instead of heading an advance, had now to protect a retreat.

An ugly rumor began to circulate. One of our tanks, getting into a warm corner, had pulled up; then for some reason or other it had gone straight on, right into a whole battalion of the enemy, and had disappeared without firing a shot. The number of the tank was B2411, and it was the one of which Grafton was in command. The rumor gave rise to a considerable amount of heated comment; but, like everything else in war time, the subject was soon dropped and forgotten. Nor should we have thought any more about it if it had n't been for a curious accident.

On the evening that we recaptured Bapaume, Sommers and one or two more of us were standing talking amid the ruins, when suddenly, from nowhere, as it seemed, a crump came hurtling over us. We heard the whir-r-r and threw ourselves on the ground before the crash came. A mighty rush of air swept by us, and then we looked up cautiously and felt ourselves to see if any of us were a corner short. No; we were all right, except ——

'Hallo!' cried Sommers; 'where's Henderson?'

We looked round. Poor Willie Henderson! He had completely disappeared. Not a vestige of him, not a badge, not a button remained; and we looked at each other with solemn faces, the same thought in all our minds.

He had been blown to pieces!

No sooner were we convinced of the fact, and had got upon our feet again, than a hollow voice was heard saying, 'I say, you fellows, can't some of you help me out of this confounded hole?'

We all jumped. The voice was undoubtedly Henderson's, and it seemed to come from under our very feet. Sommers solved the mystery. He looked round, and saw a smashed wooden trap that opened into a cellar beneath the house in front of which we were standing. It was clear Henderson had been blown, or had fallen, through.

In a few minutes we had procured a light, descended, and found our friend, bruised, but otherwise unhurt. The rush of air caused by the crump had blown him down into the cellar. We were helping him out, when a groan from one corner of the cellar drew our attention.

'Hallo! there's another fellow here!' said Sommers. 'Perhaps it's a Boche.'

A search showed us a figure huddled up in a corner, and in five minutes we had him out too. Getting him into the daylight, we saw he wore the remnants

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of a khaki uniform, and that he had a sergeant's stripes.

'And, look, he's one of ours!' said Henderson, pointing to the tank badge on his arm; 'and it's — yes — no — why, it's Sergeant Smithers, who disappeared with poor old Grafton.'

Smithers tried to speak, but could n't. In a few minutes we had him on a stretcher, and a doctor was attending to his hurts, which were not serious. He was merely exhausted. In a couple of hours he was comfortably waiting to be taken back to a base hospital, and Sommers, Travers, Henderson, myself, and one or two others were sitting round him to listen to his tale.

III

'It's soon told,' said Smithers. 'I was taken prisoner on March 24th, and have been kept at work by the Huns just behind their front ever since. I've been half starved, and worked almost to death. I was in Bapaume yesterday, helping to load motor lorries till I fainted with hunger and weakness, when a ginger-headed sergeant — pray Heaven I may one day meet him face to face! — simply kicked me down into the cellar where you found me, and told me to lie there and rot. I did lie there, and felt so weak and ill that if you gentlemen had n't rescued me I should have died there.'

'Nice people, these Huns,' said Travers grimly. 'I hope, now Grafton has got among his friends, he'll feel comfortable. I suppose *he's* all right, Smithers.'

The sergeant's eyes flashed.

'Mr. Grafton, sir,' he cried vehemently, half sitting up, 'if ever a man deserved the V.C., it was Mr. Grafton.'

'It is rumored that he voluntarily went over to the Boche,' suggested Travers softly.

'Whoever said so is — I say, speaks falsely;' and Smithers sank back on his stretcher.

'Tell us what happened,' said Sommers gently.

'It was this way, sir. As you know, on the 24th we all got separated, and some of us were well ahead of the others. Our tank must have been leading by a good way when we got a slanting hit. I don't exactly know what happened, but we found our steering gear was knocked out. We could go ahead, but we could n't turn, neither could we stop, and so the old crab went straight on, right into a whole battalion of Boches, who simply smothered us with rifle and machine-gun fire. We could have dropped out ourselves and got back safely when we were first hit, and at the time I suggested doing so to Mr. Grafton, but he turned to me in surprise, then burst out laughing.

'"What! abandon the old thing?" says he. "Make a present of it to the Huns? I *don't* think; and I'm surprised at you, Smithers, for hinting at such a thing. We've got our guns intact, and we shall have the opportunity of our lives directly." And so we did. No sooner had Lieutenant Grafton convinced himself that the tank was out of control than he waited his chance, and when we were well in among the enemy he let fly until we had not a single round of ammo. left. We drove on, well in rear of the Germans, till we practically ran into the base of a small hill, and there we jammed. In an instant a hundred Boches swarmed round us and tried to force an entrance, but Mr. Grafton emptied his revolver among 'em, and then, telling us to lay hold of spanners, hammers, or anything, he leaped out and laid about him with a small crowbar.

'I can tell you, gentlemen, we left our mark on the Boche, but it was no good. In a few minutes Mr. Grafton, myself, and Tommy Hunter were the only ones



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alive, and we should have been bayoneted if an officer had not come up and literally booted back the men attacking us. He told us in English to put up our hands at once or it would be the worse for us; but even then Mr. Grafton defied him, and told him to shoot us down as they had shot the women and children at Louvain. The officer gave an order to his men, who leaped upon us and secured our arms. Then the officer, who had been joined by several others, got into the tank and had a look round. They could not make things out, apparently; so the first one who had come up returned to us and asked us our names and ranks, and then said to Mr. Grafton, "You were in charge, I suppose?"

'"I was."

'"And you thoroughly understand the machine?"

'"Thoroughly."

'"And could explain everything to me?"

'"Yes."

'"Well, we're very anxious to know all about these tanks. Tell us, and we will spare your life."

'Mr. Grafton laughed in his face and said, "Do you expect me to accept such a vile offer? I refuse absolutely."

'The officer turned savagely upon him. "Wait," says he. "Before I shoot you, these fellows" — pointing to Tommy and me — "shall be bayoneted before your eyes."

'At this Mr. Grafton turned pale and seemed to hesitate, while the German grinned like a devil and lit a cigarette.

'"It would n't be 'playing the game,' as you sporting fools say, to sacrifice these"; and he nodded again towards us.

'"If I do as you want, will you give these men their liberty?" asked Mr. Grafton.

'"Yes."

'"And me my life?"

'"Certainly; and a good deal more if you play your cards properly."

'I thought I saw a meaning glance pass between them, and I cried out, "Don't consider us, sir. Let these devils do their worst. We're not afraid to die"; on which the German officer hit me on the mouth with the back of his hand. I tried to break away from the men who held me, but it was no good. I told that brute what I thought of him, but I was punched and kicked till I shut up.

'Mr. Grafton took no notice of me, but said quietly to the officer, "I will do what you want on one condition. I will explain everything — but only to your general and his staff. If you don't agree to that, do your worst."

'The German looked him straight in the eyes. "I am an engineer officer," he said. "I may be present, of course?"

'"Certainly; that is one of my conditions."

'And then we waited. At Mr. Grafton's request, Tommy and I were marched out of earshot, and Mr. Grafton talked and smoked with the German officer. Presently a tall, old, gray-headed devil of a German general, several crosses and things on his long frock coat, came up, and with him about a dozen others — staff officers, I should say, for they were all great swells, and several had eyeglasses and showy uniforms. There was a great deal of saluting and jawing, and Mr. Grafton talked to them all. Then they walked round the tank, and we could see Mr. Grafton pointing out this and that, while Tommy and I cursed him under our breath. Then Mr. Grafton, the general, and five or six officers all went inside, and for about five minutes we saw nothing. Afterwards Mr. Grafton came to the door and beckoned the others, as though he wanted them to observe something. He disappeared, and in another second there was a blinding flash,

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a terrific report, and the tank, Mr. Grafton, and all those German officers in and near it were blown into a thousand bits. Tommy and I were a good fifty yards away, and were knocked over by the explosion. When we recovered we looked round, and there was a torn and ruined mass of metal, and one or two tattered groaning forms, in the remains of swagger uniforms, lying around. The rest, every mother's son of them, had been blown to Kingdom Come.'

Sommers gave a long-drawn 'Ah!' when Smithers finished speaking.

'It was Graf's own idea,' he said softly. 'He told me about it. A dynamite charge hidden in the bottom of the tank and operated electrically by a push button. He told me he had fitted one to his own tank, and had written home recommending them to be fitted to all tanks, so that they could be blown up in case of danger of capture. Poor old Graf! He was a gallant gentleman.'

'Sommers, I misjudged your friend,' said Travers, and his voice was a little husky. 'I apologize. Have you a match?' and lighting a cigarette he walked off.

The rest of us went our several ways, and for my part I wondered whether, placed as 'The Count' had been, I should have had the pluck to act as he had done.

Chambers's Journal

# THE TOKEN

BY WALTER DE LA MARE

LISTEN, I who love thee well
Have traveled far, and secrets tell.
Cold the moon that gleams thine eyes,
Yet beneath her further skies
Rest for thee a paradise.

I have plucked a flower in proof,
Frail in earthly light, forsooth:
See, invisible it lies
In this palm: now veil thine eyes;
Quaff its fragrancies.

Would indeed my throat had skill
To breathe thee music faint and still —
Music learned in dreaming deep
In those lands, from Echo's lip:
'T would lull thy soul to sleep.

The Saturday Westminster Gazette

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# MAN AND THE MACHINE

We are disposed to think that among all the attempts to describe the soul of the war and of the society that made and endured it, only that of the painter and the draughtsman arrives at truth. Examine any collection of war paintings and drawings by representative artists.* In the main they suggest nothing so much as a series of illustrations of Mr. Wells's imaginative pictures of the coming world. Their subject is not man, but his handiwork; not soldiers but the 'things' that soldiers use. Reduced to form they appear in vast intricacies of girders and spans, in white sheets of flame from roaring furnaces, in colossal hammers, in the bulk of huge transports, in the rush of destroyers through rough seas, in the shouts of monster guns pointing skywards. The next effort of the artist is to show what these 'things' produce. Here, again, men hardly appear. All that is seen is wreckage — the splinters of trees, or the huge dents of shell-holes on the earth's surface. The human agents, soldiers or workers, look like ants in an ants' colony, or figures from a child's storehouse of toys. They are minders and tenders of machines; creators in the first instance, but pre-eminently and finally creatures of what they have made.

Come to industry. The revolt of the worker has the character of impulse and of impatience which one would expect in a quarrel of men with something they cannot individualize. The machine is too much for them. It denies them rest, change, the necessary elements of variety and interest in occupation. This is not a passing or a diminishing feature of industrialism; on the contrary, it continually increases. And it is only perceived by the worker. Thus, for the London traveler the 'tubes' are merely a swift and easy form of transport. What do they represent, say, to the 'operator' of a lift? Insufferable monotony. Work in an Algerian slave-galley would be lightsome in comparison. It is impossible, therefore, to deny the lift-worker an interval of relief, not only at the close of his tale of hours, but in the middle of it. Nor can you fail to apply this call for relief from strain to a system which has been subject for four years to the unceasing and accumulating exigencies of war. Thoughtless people, including, it would appear, the Government, see the workmen in a condition of willingness to run the industrial machine at high pressure whenever the demand for more effort is made on them. But men are not like that. To the mass of the workmen the war was a condition of overwork, unaccompanied by many of the reliefs which trade unionism secures for them. The apparent cause of strain disappears, yet the strain continues and is intensified. They revolt; here and there they disobey their leaders, disregard the terms of their engagements, or try to blackmail the public. Servants of the war, and obedient to its mechanical scheme, they break loose, with its close, into the ensuing reign of freedom.

It is this fear of mastery by the machine which consciously or unconsciously dictates the strike policy of the hour. The instinct is natural and human. Miners, engineers, railwaymen, all want more leisure: that is, a constant mental reaction from the

* The collection at the Mansard Gallery will serve very well.



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monotony of mechanized work. They do not desire to be fined for it, as the Railway Executive (quite improperly it appears) require. But they also regard and fear the future of the entire laboring class. In fighting the battle of the shorter working day, they look over their shoulder to catch a glimpse of the returning armies. For they see in that event an easy reversion to the condition of pre-war industry which they most dread, the 'margin of unemployment.' They want to reabsorb the soldiers into the working body, without losing their own chance of employment. And the shorter working day seems a simple end to that means. Is that an unreasoning calculation? Are capitalist Ministers of the type of Sir Albert Stanley entirely insensible to the advantages of the automatic check on wages which an excess of willing workers supplies? It is easy to talk of Bolshevism. Bolshevism may grow of itself — of ideal discontents or the poison of class hatred. But it may also be created. And we cannot imagine an easier way to foster violence and irrationalism in the labor movement than to treat its distrustful attitude towards the existing management of economic power as mere revolutionary mischief. There is no doubt some wildness in the present thoughts of labor as well as some obvious tendencies to crude sectional action. But there is also a sense of comradeship, and not a little expert analysis of the working of the capitalist system, under a free recourse to cheap and abundant labor. A great capitalist had a vision the other day of an after-war world in which three jobs would be waiting for one man. But the workman looks at the other end of the telescope, and it shows him the more familiar picture of three men waiting for one job. That is his normal view of industrialism. Labor did not make that system, and Labor does not control it. But the workers have the power — and no amount of force can deprive them of it — to take a violent pull on the levers and put the machinery out of gear, when its running seems to threaten their life and happiness. This they have done to-day. And this they will do until they feel that the representative principle, which insures them against tyranny of the State, protects them also from the tyranny of the machine.

For just as the war was the great example of the triumph of man's inventive intellect over his powers of spiritual control, so the crisis in industry is the result of his effort — a hasty and unconsidered effort, maybe — to restore the balance. If in face of such a conflict the Government misunderstands it, thinks only of its violence, and answers it with a rival and superior display of force, we may bid good-bye to hopes of democracy. Capital can, we suppose, in the last resort, use a conscript army to impose its will on insurrectionary labor. But even if the terrible experiment which sets brother to slay brother and father to slay son should succeed, Labor's revolt would remain. For the problem it set itself to solve would only have been aggravated. Labor is not a category; it is men and women, the mass of the nation. These people, tired and strained as they are, must yet be asked to add to the present productive power. But that added product cannot be got by force, nor by mere 'slogging away,' not even by suasion alone. It must be obtained by organization, by a concerted effort of the industrial will and intelligence, by an economy and an intensive use of mechanical energy. If the capitalist wants more man power in the true sense, he has got to pay for it. He has got to pay in wages, in hours, in a reasonable humanity. But he has also to exchange it for a share of authority.

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Mr. George made the mistake of his life when he enthroned a master capitalist in almost everyone of the centres of industrial control. He would have been wiser to refuse to govern at all save on the condition that Labor had at least half the responsibility. For the capitalist system cannot remain as it is, and a way of modification must be found. We may call the Labor movement selfish, thoughtless, impatient, what we will. But it has hold of a great truth. It knows that mechanical force has almost destroyed the life of man in Europe. And it wants to get this blind power in hand, subject at least to the general will and conscience.

The Nation

# THE RUSKIN CENTENARY

I

NAPOLEON was still watching the horizon from remote St. Helena, brooding over his quarter-of-a-century's unmatched experience, when John Ruskin was born in a sedate street in Bloomsbury, on February 8, 1819. Was it perhaps in this very year that the great exile, scanning one day the sea line, observed — so someone has recorded — a smoke in the offing, and from the reply to his quick question learned that it was a ship propelled by steam? After all, then, if he had not listened to his *savants*, who, after their manner, had pronounced steamships to be impossible, he might have laughed at the obstinate winds which had kept him at Boulogne, and pounced on England in the night! The vision of conquest flared up in Napoleon's imagination, and died down in bitter thoughts. That was what the smoke on the horizon meant to him. But it was such an apparition as might have haunted Ruskin all his life — the small black cloud in the distance, which meant the coming of the Age of Steam. To him it was a presage of miasma overspreading Europe; it portended not only things he abhorred and lamented — the pollution of pure streams, the desecration of lovely valleys, the decay of husbandry, the desertion of the countryside, the coagulation of people in huge sooty towns overshadowed by monstrous factories — it portended also things that, consequent on these, moved him even more deeply and wrung from him burning speech — poisonings of the heart and mind, the degradation of art, the apotheosis of commerce, the material glut and spiritual famine of industrial England.

But it was only by degrees that the stark vision of the Dragon was revealed, against which, a new St. George, he was destined to go forth to fight, and to spend his strength and substance fighting. The Dragon was to grow up with him; its force was not full grown till his own powers were ripened and his weapon sharpened for the unending contest. The era of world-shaking events, of war-convulsed Europe, of feverish action and dazzling campaigns, had closed abruptly on the field of Waterloo. With the eclipse of Napoleon came deaths like those of Byron, Keats, and Shelley, as if to symbolize the passing of the glory of youth.

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The world went drab. Exhausted by her immense struggle, England withdrew into herself, concentrating energy on industry and invention. If for long there was misery and want among the people, manufacturers grew rich; railways were developed at a burst; the resources of the country exploited as never before. England was gradually entering on a period of material prosperity unparalleled. These were the times in which Ruskin grew to manhood.

Why does the early Victorian era seem so queerly remote to us now? Why is it that we seem more at home in the eighteenth century, and in other periods much more removed in time? To take externals only: though crinolines and flowing whiskers may begin to take on a charm of distance, we cannot conceive ourselves happy with Victorian furniture; yet we copy and covet the interiors of Reynolds's and Johnson's time. But in the mental atmosphere, too, we feel, after the age that went before, a loss of breadth and naturalness and frankness: the horizon is contracted; England seems to have lost touch with the outer world of Europe; and never were the arts of a great nation in so degraded a condition. Miseries and horrors underlay the glitter of new wealth, with its ingrained complacency. Yet, in spite of all the smugness and accepted vulgarity, never was an age more resolutely indicted by its great men, or by some at least among them. And of these the most eloquent was Ruskin. His protest lasts; we have need of it to-day.

None of the eminent Victorians won fame and recognition earlier than Ruskin. He fascinated an immense audience. But there were vicissitudes in his fame. *Modern Painters* and *The Stones of Venice* irritated the circle of old-fashioned cognoscenti and scandalized the professional architects; but they took the reading world by storm; and before long Ruskin's teaching, revolutionary in many respects as it seemed, was soaking into the minds of young enthusiasts; it bore practical fruit, as we know, in painting, and still more in architecture. For a period he was accepted as an oracle on all matters of art. Then began the series of books on social reform and political economy; and now it was the political economists who were scandalized in their turn. 'Of course, as a writer on art he is magnificent; let him stick to what he knows; of our science he knows nothing and talks folly.' Thus said the economists. But it so happened that by this time a change had come over the world of art: Ruskin was voted old-fashioned and out-of-date, his authority had declined, and soon it was the artists and art critics who were saying, 'Of course, as a political economist he is splendid; but no one could accept his teaching about art.' And since his death there have been symptoms of a tendency, here and there, to regard Ruskin as a man who, so far as the substance of his message went, had fallen between two stools; though his reputation could still be saved, for no one could deny that he was a great writer. But mere eloquence will save no man. It is impossible to disengage Ruskin's eloquence and the felicities of his style from the matter that moved him to write. And more and more it will be perceived that the doctrine he uttered, the faith that inspired him, was of a single substance, whether his subject was rocks and plants, or painting and architecture, or housing and wages, or religion and ethics. He was driving all one way. What he had to say about political economy was the same as what he had to say about art; the one was implied in the other. He was something more than a critic of art, more than a naturalist, more than a political economist; he was an in-

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spired interpreter of life and the beauty of life, he was a vindicator of human needs and human joy.

II

Ruskin's strange and solitary boyhood had a lasting influence on his life. It was singularly shielded. An only child, we see him first in his Bloomsbury nursery absorbed in the colors of the carpet or in the operations of the turncock in the street and the occasional splendid spouting of white water from the main. Then it is in the garden at Herne hill, where the household had moved when he was four, making friends with birds and flowers. He has no playfellows. Every morning his mother and he read the Bible together; they begin with the first chapter of Genesis and omit no verse till they have reached the last of the Apocalypse; and as soon as they have finished, they begin again. No wonder that his thought, like his style, is saturated with the Authorized Version. Quite early he begins to write and to draw, and be busy with his *Works*. His parents see him a bishop, surpassing all other bishops in distinction. But his father has set his heart on his being a poet too — 'another Byron, only pious.' The elder Ruskin, a type not so infrequent among Englishmen, though practical and hard-headed in his business, nourishes a private passion for romance, and worships art and poetry with a real and innocent reverence. Picture this Puritan household of three at dessert, while the father reads aloud *Don Juan* to the rapt and eager child, exchanging nervous glances with his wife, yet hardly knowing how to stop in his enthusiasm. The boy has his little niche by the chimney piece, and we see him perched before his table, reading, writing, drawing, or intent upon some veined and colored stone; for geology is already a passion. But he is always solitary. Yet happy in his way; for though the 'gloom and terror' of Sunday cast their shadow before, he has much time to himself, and a busy mind to occupy. His parents are always there, weaving who knows what unbounded dreams about him; but his real life is apart; he is happiest quite alone with flowers and clouds, and light, and running water. And soon the mountains. For even as a small child he was to be taken on wonderful journeys through the length and breadth of Britain. His father chose to be his own traveler for the selling of his fine sherries, and every summer drove in a leisurely carriage with wife and son, prolonging each tour for some weeks to visit one picturesque region or another. And if there was a fine picture to be seen in any mansion by the way, be sure he took his boy to see it. Before long, Britain was exchanged for the Continent. At fifteen Ruskin had his first sight of the Alps from Schaffhausen, and felt himself a dedicated spirit. If his education, according to university notions, was meagre and incomplete, how richly educative were these annual journeys to his impressible senses and ever-working mind! Journeys made within the lifetime of some yet living, they seem from that very cause almost legendary now. How royal a fashion of traveling it was, in the great roomy carriage, fitted with every ingenious device for comfort, drawn by four horses, and stopping towards sunset always at the best of inns, where the best of rooms, the choicest of meals and wine, awaited the travelers. No wonder that Ruskin had no stomach for the hurry and grime and promiscuity of the railway. Who would, after his experience?

Such was Ruskin's boyhood. He had already written much verse and some remarkable things in prose before he went to Christ Church. But he was

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not destined to be a poet — he had no creative instinct — nor a bishop either, though he carried far into manhood the fervent literal faith of his evangelical training; in middle life it painfully failed him. He ought, with such an upbringing, to have been a mollycoddle and a prig. He never rubbed against his fellows; his spirits were allowed no physical outlet. He was afterwards to note and deplore in himself a 'dangerous and lonely pride.' There is something tragic in this father and mother, with their morbid fond solicitude, seeking to maintain the parental tie with a tutelary closeness long after their son was a famous man and when, in thought, he had gone beyond them. He lived with them for many long years after he was grown up, and they watched over his every movement; were jealous of new friends; wished to keep him in their own groove; luxuriated in his fame, but when his opinions provoked and braved unpopularity sought to stop him and could not understand him; would have given their lives for him, yet were 'cruelly hurtful without knowing it.' On the other hand, the peculiar conditions of his boyhood were in some ways peculiarly fitted for the work he was to do. Unlike many men of genius, he had no hard and rough experience of youth. He was bred strictly, yet with a choice luxury in his surroundings. And with his extreme sensitiveness to beauty, combined with what by no means universally accompanies it, an exquisite faculty of precise observation and acute powers of reasoning, what luck and opportunity were his! Much travel had given him a sense of Europe and of history, besides storing his mind with vivid impressions; without that he could not have perceived so poignantly the ignobleness of industrial England, and, in especial, its private sumptuousness contrasted with its public meanness. Shielded from the world, he brought with him a noble innocence when he encountered its realities and miseries — an innocence not of a temper to be dismayed and defeated by horrible fact, but fiery and courageous. In some ways he reminds us of Shelley, who yet was so different. Ruskin noted in himself as un-English a fastidious repulsion from the gross relish of life which is in Chaucer and Shakespeare and Fielding and Hogarth. In this he was like Shelley; neither enjoyed human nature for its own sake, though Ruskin had the more of humor; both were intense in all things, fervent and serious in their efforts to reform the world; both melodiously eloquent, though the one hymned Liberty and the other railed against her; but rarest of all was this they had in common, that they lived out what they believed and, having wealth, gave all they had for their fellow men. Each at the sight of wrong flamed in spontaneous indignation. It was black wrath at the critics' abuse of Turner which drove Ruskin to write *Modern Painters* and made him famous at a bound. It was indignation that in the end was to consume and destroy him.

III

Ruskin was just twenty-four when the first volume of *Modern Painters* appeared. It was an astonishing book for so young a man to have written. The wonder of it was not so much the sustained and colored eloquence, nor the audacity with which universally accepted reputations were attacked: it was rather the richness of mind, the confidence of knowledge, the continual evidence of precise observation, the acuteness of the reasoning. The succeeding volumes were published at intervals during a period of seventeen years (in which the author found time to write *The Stones of Venice* and the

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*Seven Lamps of Architecture*); and as the book grew, its scope widened. It suffers from the manner of its composition; it lacks unity; it is not always consistent. Yet it remains the book by which Ruskin is best known, as it was the book which made him famous. There is a general opinion abroad that in the matter of art criticism we have got beyond Ruskin: he is no longer appealed to as an authority. Among artists especially he is discredited. There are several reasons for this reaction. One is the very voluminousness of Ruskin's writings. He is known by extracts, chosen usually for the beauty of the prose rather than read with continuous attention to the argument. By isolating passages from their context, Ruskin may be made to appear to hold all sorts of contradictory opinions. Again, you may dip into him in an unfortunate mood or moment and be merely irritated by emphatic dogmatism and preaching tone; by fanciful theories, petulance, discursiveness. You may be wearied by the sonorous flourishes with which every paragraph seems to close. And then, with happier chance, you take him up and find yourself astonished by the fullness of his mind, the fresh illumination he casts upon his theme, the trains of thought he suggests, the charm of his phrasing. Unfortunately for his fame, he is remembered, among those who do not trouble to read his works, by his judgments of particular artists: his scorn of Constable, for instance, as a third-rate painter; his blindness to the greatness of a genius like Rembrandt's; and, on the other hand, his lavish praise of insignificant water-color painters who appealed to him. Perhaps what turned artists in general against him was the Whistler lawsuit in 1878, when he appeared as an obtuse opposer of the new gospel of impressionism, the movement which, at the moment, had most vitality behind it and was capturing the youthful generation. Yet there was no reason, except age and wilfullness, why Ruskin should not have appreciated Whistler's work. It is quite untrue to suppose that he was intolerant of any but pre-Raphaelite methods of minute detail. It was many years before his eyes were opened to Botticelli, yet Tintoretto took him by storm. Another common notion about his criticism is that he only cared about pictures for their literary interest (as the phrase goes), and always required a moral. This is not true either, though there is some color of foundation for such charges. What, then, is the real truth about Ruskin's views on art, and how far do they stand the test of time?

First, it may be said that, as regards particular artists, that perfervid spirit was no safe or balanced judge. Prejudice and caprice came too easily to him. But the greatest of critics have often been wrong in their particular judgments. It is rather by their power of illumination, by their grasp of general ideas, that we acknowledge their greatness. Ruskin causes difficulty by his love of paradox, and by his way of throwing out emphatic statements which, taken from their context, seem entirely to contradict other statements of his. Yet his main position is clear. People who care about art are divided into those who isolate it, as the heritage of the chosen few, and those who relate it always to human life. The first see how very few are those who really appreciate fine art, and they cherish their superiority to the 'outsider'; the others hope and want to make their fellow men share in their own delight. Of these last was Ruskin. He was not blind to the rarity of real appreciation; he saw that present conditions made it inevitable; and, therefore, he wanted to change those condi-

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tions, and was led on to see what practical steps could be taken to alter things at the root. So his hopes for art led him straight to the attack on political economy as then conceived. Ruskin always related art to life. Take one out of a hundred passages:

> Among the first habits that a young architect should learn is that of thinking in shadow, not looking at a design in its miserable liny skeleton; but conceiving it as it will be when the dawn lights it and the dusk leaves it; when its stones will be hot, and its crannies cool; when the lizards will bask on the one, and the birds build on the other. Let him design with the sense of cold and heat upon him; let him cut out the shadows, as men dig wells in unwatered plains; and lead along the lights, as a founder does his hot metal; let him keep the full command of both, and see that he knows how they fall, and where they fade.

There must be, he has been saying, 'in this magnificently human art of architecture, some equivalent expression for the trouble and wrath of life, for its sorrow and its mystery . . . mighty masses of shadow mingled with its surface.' He demands that art should be expressive of man's spirit, and speak to men, and stir them by its noble language. But how does it speak to them, how stir them? Let us hear him now on painting:

> Take any noble musical air, and you find, on examining it, that not one even of its faintest or shortest notes can be removed without destruction to the whole passage in which it occurs; and that every note in the passage is twenty times more beautiful so introduced than it would have been if played singly on the instrument. Precisely this degree of arrangement and relation must exist between every touch and line in a great picture. You must consider the whole as a prolonged musical composition.

The same analogy with music was developed by Pater in a celebrated essay which has set the fashion for a score of writers since. And Whistler, as we know, called his pictures symphonies to head off the public from any interest they might try to find in their 'subject.' But Ruskin's name is associated with a quite different view of painting; and it is true that this is not his conception of what great painting primarily is. We have quoted this passage (and it is not an isolated one) to emphasize the fact that Ruskin regarded beauty of design as absolutely essential to a great picture. He admits that you can have art which is merely design without representation. He asserts, rightly, that great art always combines design with truth of nature. But deliberately he puts truth first, design second. The history of art in Europe may appear to support this view. Yet fundamentally it is wrong; for good design of whatever sort is always art, whereas truth of representation need not be art at all. Ruskin's own gift and temperament, and his scientific interests, inevitably led him to dwell with special delight on the painting of natural fact. He owned to being weak in designing power; it was this which prevented him, exquisite draughtsman and colorist as he was, from attaining real rank as an artist. He was not creative. On the other hand, he had extraordinary powers of analysis. Mazzini said of him that he had the most analytic mind in Europe; and Ruskin in *Præterita* quotes the saying with complacency. In describing pictures he was not happy till he had dragged out everything into the full daylight of conscious intelligence; that was his own domain; he tended to ignore what we now call the subconscious element, both in the artist and in the spectator. Yet this element is really the most potent in both. He thought rightness of motive was everything; the artist should work 'for the glory of God.' Perhaps, after all, one cannot better that description of the true artist's spirit of work; yet if he begins to be conscious

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of a motive, even the highest, beyond his work, he is in danger of losing all.

Into a great work the master pours his whole being. We recognize the greatness as we recognize it in a human personality; it is by a presence, and by the mood that presence evokes in us, rather than by anything we can explain or set down in words. It is not sensuous only, or emotional, or intellectual, or spiritual; yet the impression by which we are moved, exhilarated, liberated, contains something of all these factors; and if any of them is missing in some degree we miss it too. The plain truth is that when we begin to try to follow in language the true effect of a great work of art on ourselves, language fails us at the outset. Who knows how a work of art is born? Perhaps the masterpiece uses the artist, as Samuel Butler said the egg uses the hen, as a means of getting into the world. Certainly it brings with it a life of its own, a life that enhances ours by the promise and evocation of a life freer, fuller, richer, more intense than we can realize in our own existence. And it moves us mysteriously, in the depths, even though it may appear to have no meaning, still less an explicit 'message.' Are we then to say that a great painting is a great design with beautifully interrelated line and mass and color, and dismiss all other values as irrelevant? But that is to cut it off from the deep human sources whence it sprung. For, after all, mere design is expressive. The shape of a vase, the pattern of a wall paper, can be noble or mean. We instinctively use such terms, and by using them recognize that what we call the moral side of our nature is affected; though as soon as we isolate or stress the 'moral' element (or the technical either) we feel as if we had torn something from the fibre in which it lived. Ruskin from first to last emphasized moral values in art; and this antagonized many. But is it not the word rather than the meaning? The word has acquired a tame and joyless atmosphere; to artists it is apt to suggest merely the conventions of respectability; prudish, self-righteous, and hypocritical people. How far was all that from Ruskin's mind! How disconcerting was his rebuff to the shocked admirers who besought him publicly to reprobate Swinburne's *Poems and Ballads!* No, he was revaluing the whole notion of morality. He scouted the delusion that art can make people good; but he avowed his faith that sterling worth of art, as art, must spring from sterling worth in the soul that produced it; and to a public inclined to suspect all art as an inessential luxury, enervating on the whole in its effect, he proclaimed that 'little else but art is moral . . . and for the words "good" and "wicked" used of men, you may almost substitute "makers" or "destroyers."' There is Ruskin's true touch of power, his vivid beam of illumination. He may seem to artists to talk too much 'in the air'; he may not wholly satisfy the philosophic critic; but in his broad appeal to men, in his passionate endeavors to persuade them of the living power of art as a natural function and a natural joy, how great he is, and how enduring his words! No one before him had so gone down to the roots. He was the first to see behind the work the workman at his toil, and to make it a test of art that it should flower from the workman's happiness. In that chapter of *The Stones of Venice* in which this condition is laid down, the chapter that was to be an inspiration to William Morris, how many things are said which still read fresh and pregnant! The recognition that all great art is imperfect, that imperfection is the condition of all that is not dead; the admittance of the unskillful craftsman, so

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long as his mind is given free expression; these are ideas that are germinating in the younger generation now. And though we may not think that thirteenth-century Gothic is the only architecture to use (and how Ruskin hated the buildings his teaching, literally taken, produced!) we can see well enough why it inspired him; it was so richly expressive of the minds that made it; and is our architectural ornament expressive of anything but penury of imagination? Shall we never invent motives of decoration that are really related to the things we ourselves desire and delight in?

It has no doubt been pointed out that in one direction Ruskin's true herald and forerunner was William Blake. To Blake, Gothic was the only architecture which lived; and as Ruskin said that little else but art was moral, so Blake said that no one but an artist can be a Christian. And Blake's central thought is reaffirmed by Ruskin, only that the one speaks in terms of morality, the other of religion. 'To *subdue* the passions, which is thought so often to be the sum of duty respecting them, is possible only to a proud dullness; but to *excite* them rightly, and make them strong for good, is the work of the unselfish imagination.' In truth, the writer of *Unto This Last* might have taken for his life's motto Blake's famous lines:

> I will not cease from mental fight,
> Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
> Till we have built Jerusalem
> In England's green and pleasant land.

On one side, of course, Blake was worlds away from Ruskin. Nature 'put him out'; whereas Ruskin had a passion for natural fact and an adoration for natural beauty. And all through his writing on art this passion is continually bursting forth and flooding his pages, so that often he seems to lose sight of the root concern of art in design, and to write as if an exquisite illustration of natural truth were all that mattered. Yet here again he has been misunderstood. He was not opposed to convention, or exigent of complete representation. The test of fine convention was whether it was faithful to organic growth and structure; it could stop far short of nature, indicate or symbolize it, and yet be finely true.

IV

'This book has given me eyes,' cried Charlotte Brontë; and many a reader of *Modern Painters* must have felt as she did. When Ruskin came to write of social and political ideas, it was the same gift of sight which he brought. Like the child in Hans Andersen's story, who saw what everyone pretended to ignore, he refused to be intimidated by custom, or the authority of the experts, and wrote his own quick feelings. His thought ploughed fresh furrows in the field of accepted opinions. Inhuman things were permitted by mid-nineteenth-century England in its mines and factories, things scarce credible to us now; yet may not a future generation stare at the record of things we permit? 'Human nature is kind and generous,' wrote Ruskin, 'but it is narrow and blind; and can only with difficulty conceive anything but what it immediately perceives.' To rouse men from dull acceptance of cruelty and waste by showing them a vision of what life can be; this was now his aim, just as in his earlier books he had shown them what wonders and treasuries of joy lay for every man and woman in the mere faculty of sight. '*There is no wealth but life;* life, including all its powers of love, of joy, of admiration.' Such sayings as that were startling paradoxes to a time that believed in letting the great machine of competition grind its own way, no matter what human lives it ground to

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dust, because it ground out money. Respectable society was outraged. Ruskin's first series of papers raised such a storm that the *Cornhill*, frightened, discontinued them. The same fate befell the second series in *Fraser's*. But Ruskin all the more persisted in his unorthodoxy; and, ever since, the stream of his thought has been filtering into, and fertilizing, the mind of England. Others had appealed to men's conscience or to their pity, on behalf of the helpless and oppressed, or had sought to rouse the millions of those others to avenge their wrongs and assert their rights by force. Ruskin appealed to men's imagination, without which there is no understanding; imagination, the capital lack of politicians and of agitators. Only by the saving power of imagination can we see the life of the nation as a whole, and feel, as if by our own experience, the existence we allow our fellow beings in our own country to endure. Just as he had besought men to study art at its root, 'in human hope and human passion,' Ruskin now brought them to study political economy in life itself, to make a revaluation of customs, systems, institutions, in terms of human worth. 'Industry without art is brutality'; but how can art be where there is neither leisure, nor hope, nor opportunity for tasting or fostering the innocent delights of the senses? So, to professional artists, absorbed in questions of fashion in technique, he proclaimed that the first necessity for England's art, if it was to be her self-expression as a nation, was to make her 'country clean and her people beautiful.' The housing of the workers was art's concern, for him. Religion's also. And people who shut up their religion in church were bidden 'look forward to a time when in English villages there may be a God's acre tenanted by the living, not the dead; and when we shall rather look with aversion and fear to the remnant of ground that is set apart as profane, than with reverence to a narrow portion of it enclosed as holy.' Again we seem to hear the voice of Blake crying out of the distance, 'Everything that *lives* is holy!'

No doubt there are fallacies in Ruskin's political economy, considered as a science, just as there are dubious inferences and generalizations in his interpretations of national art and character. Yet the strong drift of him is towards the light, towards living and fruit-bearing truth. He never thinks without feeling, nor feels without imagination. An old man, 'always impatient and often tired,' he labored on, spending all his strength and all his fortune for the England of his dreams. But now he was become one

> Of those to whom the miseries of the world
> Are misery, and will not let them rest.

He was tortured by the vision of what was, yet more by the rejection of his vision of what could be. He had been used to authority: he grew more and more the prey of irritations. His prose, which in youth had rolled and reverberated through melodious and ornate periods, saved from verbiage by its innate precision, had been chastened to a more incisive plainness in *Unto This Last*, the book its author cherished most, both for thoughts and style; it now became willful, apt to wander, frequent in fits of peevish outburst. Yet in *Præterita*, though it was written after the 'brainstorms' had begun, he was taken back to happier days, and the style wins a serenity and ease we find in no other of his books. There is a kind of evening light on its pages. But the light was going, and soon was gone.

Ruskin is one of those whose spirit lives beyond their books, and works in the minds of men who never read them

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and perhaps never heard his name. A hundred years after his birth, as we turn to him again, how often shall we not find the hopes a time of vast upheaval has set stirring, uttered in his pages, and hear him pleading for the truth of human values in the whole scale of life against the public meanness, married to blind waste, and the indifference to things of the mind, and the contempt of beauty, and the stunting of emotion and imagination, that we have tolerated so long. England is infinitely richer in gift, in resource and productiveness of mind than she lets herself seem to be, because she has allowed stupidity to have power to prevent the blood of life from circulating through her limbs. That was Ruskin's faith: and in the enlargement of our vision to see things in their true relations, in the animation of our hearts to express our hope and passion, who shall measure the influence of that burning, tender, indignant, and deep-seeing spirit?

The Times

# FROM A VICTORIAN NOTE-BOOK

BY W. L. COURTNEY

THAT hapless Victorian age! It is always being exploited for some purpose or other, either by its ruthless enemies or its too-indulgent friends. Sometimes it blossoms forth from the quiet pen of some garrulous Nestor 'a mine of memories'; sometimes it is advanced as a stalking horse by some critic who wishes to lead a raid against the most modern poetry; sometimes it is offered as an excuse for the long reign of sentimentality in England and the lasting vogue of Dickens. And in the background there is generally someone with the epigrammatic wit of Mr. Lytton Strachey, ready with his stiletto to stab overgrown reputations. Heaven knows what the twentieth century may have in store for us in the way of 'realistic' drama, psychologic novels, and unmusical verse. But we know at all events what the nineteenth century gave us. It gave us peace and cultivated leisure. It showed us a society externally at least decorous. It adorned itself with a constellation of great names — in art, in science, and in literature. It was prosy and garrulous, and full of the triumphs of the middle class. Its taste in furniture and house decoration was execrable. It preferred to clothe the female form divine rather than unclothe it. It was 'homely' without being altogether stupid. It lived in houses and not in flats, and took its meals in its own dining room and not in restaurants. It danced waltzes and polkas, and even stately quadrilles, and was not conversant with Tango Teas or the mysteries of Jazz.

Here is a lady who, under cover of anonymity, pours forth a number of anecdotes from her carefully collected memoranda concerning the manners and customs of the later Victorian era. She — or her editor — calls her book *The Note-books of a Spinster Lady*, and it is claimed that she presents

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us with a lifelike picture of the most notable men and women of her day (1878–1903). Indeed, she gives us full measure, well pressed down and running over. It does not matter much who she was, for she has evidently had the advantage of mixing with all sorts and conditions, and writes familiarly about the idiosyncrasies of the great. Perhaps she moved mostly in cathedral closes, and was conversant with the topics which interest Deans and Archdeacons and Bishops; for the atmosphere reminds us somewhat of Trollope, and the episcopal love of anecdotes is well known. She suggests the kind of lady whom not to know is to argue one's self unknown. She has traveled much and seen much and collected much, and has many interests — in ghost stories, for instance, and racing anecdotes, and the behavior of artists and Bohemians. Also she knows how Queens comport themselves and Prime Ministers and foreign diplomats. Evidently a gossip-loving lady, who brings into her pages the people we are never tired of hearing about — Gladstone, and Disraeli, and George Eliot, the Empress Eugénie, and the indispensable Benjamin Jowett.

Let us begin with a pleasant little duel between the Emperor Napoleon III and the Empress Eugénie. Apparently the pair did not always live on terms of the most affectionate friendship. At one of the parties at the Tuileries, Eugénie had been talking very imprudently, and after the guests were gone the Emperor took her by the hand and led her to one of the looking glasses. 'Do you know,' he asked, 'why you are different from this mirror? It reflects, and you do not reflect at all.' But the Empress's retort was quick: 'And you, sir, do you know why you do not resemble this mirror? It is polished, and you are not.'

Now let us come to the great rival orators of the Victorian Era — Disraeli and Gladstone. The duels between the two men were rather like the famous wit combats that used to take place at the Mermaid between Shakespeare and Ben Jonson. Ben Jonson was like a Spanish galleon moving with slow stateliness, while Shakespeare was like an English privateersman, quick, and ready to tack and change his course with every changing wind. Over and over again Gladstone used to get up in the House of Commons and with his weighty oratory demolish the arguments of Disraeli. And yet a moment later his opponent would spring to his feet again, like a jack-in-the-box, and, with some piquant remark, contrive to get the laugh on his side. Once, after an unusually earnest and powerful speech of Gladstone, Disraeli rose to his feet and said, 'Really, the right honorable gentleman is exciting himself unnecessarily. He has been pounding away on the ministerial box until even the quill pens have begun to dance on the table.' Of course the House laughed, and the spell of the orator was broken and the force of his appeal spoiled. Our Spinster Lady relates another incident occurring at a Royal Academy dinner. In his after-dinner speech Disraeli descanted in mellifluous tones on the 'high privilege it was to be thus surrounded by works of imagination and art.' But as he went downstairs afterwards, leaning on Lord Rowton's arm, he turned to him and said, sneeringly. 'Uncommonly little imagination and still less art.' This was overheard, and repeated to Gladstone, who exclaimed warmly, 'Now I call that diabolical!'

Would you like to hear about the old Lady Salisbury, who was called 'wicked Lady Salisbury' because she had card parties on Sunday? She used to go out hunting at the age of eighty in a scarlet habit, and as she was quite blind her horse had a leading rein, held by the groom who accompanied her.

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Whenever they came to an obstacle the groom would say 'Ditch, my lady,' or 'Hedge, my lady,' or 'Hurdle, my lady,' as the case might be, and would then put his horse at it, followed by hers. It was not her custom, apparently, to go to church, but on one occasion she made the attempt, and so mistook the hour that she reached the church door just as the congregation was coming out. 'Oh, well, my dear,' she said to her daughter, 'anyway, we have done the civil thing.' Poor old lady, it is a grief to learn that she was burned to death in the fire that destroyed the west wing at Hatfield. The pearls that she wore round her neck were destroyed, the gold of her rings was melted, and there remained nothing but a heap of ashes and one big diamond which she had worn on her finger. There are references in the book also to the Duke of Wellington — of course when he was an old man. The Duke had taken the side of the King in Queen Caroline's trial, and that made him very unpopular with the mob, which had espoused the cause of the somewhat flighty and indiscreet lady. One day the Duke was riding down Piccadilly when he was confronted by a number of men at work upon the road, who, as soon as they recognized him, formed up in a line, refusing to let him pass till he should cry, 'God Save the Queen.' There was no other way of getting home, and the odds were all against the Duke. It would have been folly to resist, so with calm, good sense the old man raised his hat, 'Well, gentlemen,' said he, 'since such is your good pleasure, "Long Live the Queen," and,' he added, as the ranks opened to let him pass, 'may all your wives be like her!'

I have not space to refer to the many excellent ghost tales and stories of Black Magic which will be found in this volume. But room must be made for an anecdote about Lincoln. Lincoln, as we all know, led an exceedingly simple life, putting on his own coals and 'blacking his own boots, too,' as Cecil Spring-Rice once said. When Lord Lyons went over to America to announce the marriage of the Prince of Wales, he happened one day to witness Lincoln's morning tasks, and looked on in considerable surprise. 'We do not black our own boots in England,' he remarked. 'No,' said Lincoln quietly, looking up, 'whose boots do you black, then?' Here are two episodes in a very light vein. One concerns a letter that an Irish girl wrote to Mr. Tim Harrington, M.P. It ran: 'Honnered Sir, I write to you for justice. I am the gurl who split the policeman's head open with a spade, and they got up a subscription for me, and then went and gave it to Biddy Maloney, who only threw hot water over a bailiff.' It is said that Mr. Balfour wanted to read this letter out in the House of Commons, but Tim Harrington would not part with it. The second story deals with a certain illustrious poet, illustrating, by the way, the different methods of composition practised by eloquent bards. 'Get up, Maria,' the poet said one night to his sleeping wife, 'get up and strike a light. I have just thought of a good word.' 'Get up yourself,' replied the indignant Maria, 'I have just thought of a bad one.' If it cannot be affirmed that all our Spinster Lady's stories are new, at all events there are a great many which most people will probably read for the first time. She is a little inaccurate about the 'delightful verses on the subject of Positivism.' The verses in question were written, I think, by Mortimer Collins, and they ran thus:

There was an ape in the days that were earlier,
Centuries passed and his hair became curlier,
Centuries added a thumb to his wrist,
He was a man — and a Positivist.



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## SOCIAL REFORM AND EFFICIENCY

BY DR. JULIUS WILHELM

We are experiencing the greatest revolution of all time, which seems to be placing political power in the hands of workers in every country. Now they must show what they can do. The successes of social reform during the last few decades have been very encouraging, for before the war the burdens imposed by social policy nowhere restricted the development of export, and certainly did not result in increasing to any great extent the cost of the production of commodities. Germany, the country where workmen's protection and workmen's insurance were most comprehensive, was also the country where economic progress was most marked. So great was the success of the organization of trade and industry that the world would have belonged, economically, to Germany, if she had only had the patience to work on quietly for another thirty years, instead of allowing her neighbors to feel her supremacy and to realize the danger of most markets being conquered by her. In any case, German social reform was not an obstacle, but an inducement to advancement in all domains, and if now the industrial world of the older order is joining forces with America with the object of rendering Germany economically harmless, that is due to a fear of the latter's greatness and to a recognition of her efficiency, which other nations desire to utilize for their own ends.

The second country, as to whose youthful strength there can be no doubt, is America. The United States represents the type of the bustling country of large-scale production, which seeks to lead the van in each and every domain. In that country there is much German efficiency, coupled with the possibility to turn it to the best account in an enormous territory rich in raw materials. The country has succeeded in escaping the financial catastrophes of a long war; another year of war and its financial system would have been shaken to its foundations, but it entered the war so late, and had before then so enriched itself as a neutral country, that it confronts peace economy as the actual war profiteer. It has granted the largest credits, and of all the belligerents has been least weakened by loss of capital and man power. It is becoming the banker and shipping firm of world economy. It holds a monopoly of raw materials, and the world is entirely dependent upon its will, at all events for the immediate future. England and France are subordinated to it in the matter of credit policy, and in any case England's unique position as a provider of money and the world's forwarding agent is a thing of the past. And how has America won her present position? By paying the highest salaries and wages, but alas! it must be confessed, by requiring the greatest achievements from the workmen, and by employing machinery, automatic apparatus, and the Taylor system to an almost ludicrous extent. The record achievements in the speedy production of houses, ships, machinery, motor cars, and locomotives prove the ascendancy and are the pride of the American producers on a large scale; every working minute is taken ad-



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vantage of; well-fed workmen are urged forward to the verge of exhaustion, and are only employed so long as the maximum achievements can be obtained from them. No actual social reform is to be found in America, but many of the welfare arrangements of the leading industrial concerns are admirable, without ever attaining the level of similar arrangements in Germany.

England, until a few years ago the leading industrial and export country in the world, has selected other paths than Germany, but her Trade Unions are very powerful organisms, which are almost equaled in importance by her coöperative supply associations, and in this direction much has been achieved by English workers, and still more is expected. The workers may well enter upon peace economy with a complete economic constitution, which will make them an important factor in the processes of the manufacture of goods, with equal rights and an equal say in the matter. The whole body of workers confronts the manufacturer or the joint stock company as an entity; the representatives of the workers gain an insight into, and have a share in, the administration, which is destined eventually to fall into their hands; then the former owners would have only the rights of the mortgagee, which the workers would redeem at no very distant date.

The conviction obtains in England that while, on the one hand, work must be carried on intensively and the best German and American patterns must be imitated, on the other, in accordance with the demands of the age, the workers must be given a species of Magna Charta; only by winning the interest of all the workers in the profits of the manufacturers can their efficiency be raised to the highest level practically obtainable. The dull, lethargic serf, and the system of intentionally slow work and of sabotage belong to the past; crude systems of rewards and inducements no longer suffice, but a complete insight into the business, a recognition of the necessity and justification of the measures adopted by those managing the business, joint counsel, joint deliberation, and joint inventiveness can no longer be dispensed with. Discipline, which is indispensable in every business concern, is easier to maintain when every foreman and every worker know the orders given have been approved of beforehand by men of their own ranks, in whom they have confidence. Employers who in good time have decided to enlist the services of their workers in the administration are able to report well of the system, but speedy successes in this domain are hardly to be expected.

Not much need be said with regard to the value of the Consumers' Associations. Thanks to them, the English workers live better and more cheaply than their colleagues on the Continent; in the Associations' own works the employee feels like an employer, a co-owner, and finally a man in receipt of a private income, since these works have arisen from the savings of the workers or from the undivided profits of the Consumers' Associations. They claim as their own large clothing factories, soap works, the largest tea business in the world, the steamships, and even the tea plantations belonging to it, and finally old country seats as holiday resorts, and sea-bathing establishments; they are milestones on the road towards meeting a man's entire personal requirements by means of co-operative enterprises, by means of personal trading and personal production. The development of self-supply may perhaps be completed by agreements with coöperative agricultural societies at home and abroad, and possibly

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by undertaking the management of farms.

It is a matter of common knowledge that in Denmark coöperative agricultural societies have become manufacturers and exporters, with a knowledge of how to take advantage of the proximity of the London market and of their own climate for the sale of butter, bacon, meat, eggs, and other agricultural produce; most of the peasants' sons in Denmark have, it is true, been educated in the National High Schools. Schools and coöperative societies have worked wonders, and the country, which was but a petty State two generations ago, has advanced to a condition of fortunate prosperity. The socialization of the peasantry has rendered exports possible, which Germany can only admire and imitate.

What Switzerland has done in the domain of cattle breeding, the utilization of animal products, and high-quality work, thereby surmounting all the difficulties of her situation and the lack of raw materials, is well known. That country has done much in the way of social reform, and it is proceeding upon the path of still further systematic progress in a way calculated to take the wind out of the sails of the radical portion of the working classes.

In all these countries it has been established that capacity for export has only been attained by laws relating to workers' protection, and by social reforms, with all attendant expense. No doubt America will be forced to strive to advance, not only in the matter of high wages, but also in that of social policy, if she desires to attract the labor she requires. For the agrarian reform which has commenced in Eastern and Central Europe will create a number of peasant holdings which will lessen emigration.

A glance at countries with lower wages and which are more backward in social legislation, *e.g.*, China, Russia, Turkey, Spain, or Italy, will show that no single one has been a leader in world economics. Only countries which give good remuneration to labor and which rejoice in a proletariat conscious of its aims and ever striving to advance can achieve victories in the domain of export. The cultural advancement of the working classes in town and country, which has only too often left that of the small shopkeeping class far behind, seems the best bounty on export.

The demand must be made that the well being of the workers of every category should advance in proportion to their capacity of production; with improved output, wages must increase if the social equilibrium is not to be disturbed. Errors have been committed too often in this direction; the improved output attained by better working methods and more efficient machinery has often led only to increased profits for the manufacturers. The result is the ever-widening gulf between the almost joyless workers and the almost idle classes, of whom the purest type is the man of private means who leaves his property to be administered by others.

At the moment the opposite often holds good, entailing a hardly less grave danger. As a consequence of the revolution which began in the East, the output of labor has fallen and wages have increased. In Russia the wages have long ago exhausted the employers' private means, and the decline in production has resulted in terribly high prices and a shortage of goods, the clear sign of the destruction of capital. While when wages lagged behind production the result was social unrest, the decreasing capacity of output of the workers leads to hopeless misery. No power on earth can prevent coal becoming dearer if, while the demand

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is the same, less is excavated and forwarded, or food becoming scarce and exorbitant in price if less grain is sown and harvested, or animals and fats lacking if cattle raising declines.

The increase of production all along the line is the need of the hour. We and our export, with which we must pay for our indispensable imports, are doomed unless we are able to produce larger quantities and more cheaply than in the last few years. Nothing can stave off increasing impoverishment if the output of labor is to decline. Only if technical aids increase tenfold muscular strength, only if the soil properly worked produces twice as much as in the past, can the reduction of the hours and of the intensity of labor be compensated. But technical progress cannot be made in a moment. It demands long training and the outlay of capital — hard to find at the present juncture; there is nothing left for us at the moment but to work industriously and produce more. And to preach this doctrine at the moment is extremely difficult and dangerous for the employer. It is, therefore, all the more worthy of recognition that leading men in Germany are publicly pointing out this vital necessity for the future of the people. All social policy depends upon the practical possibility of increasing the output of labor; more than ever to-day its limits are the capacity for competition in the world's markets. We need foodstuffs and raw materials and must pay for them. But wherewith? With our products, or with the money borrowed abroad, the interest on which, and the redemption of which, we shall have to pay later by our exports. The preëssential for our being given credit is a hope in export possibilities. If we are not in a position to deliver valuable commodities our economic collapse sooner or later is assured. Everything depends on the question: How can we increase and cheapen our production?

In order to produce in a given period goods of a maximum value, several well-tried methods can be of assistance especially —

Education for productive labor.

Employing the best aids to labor and best working methods.

Running efficient works on a large scale and closing down inefficient works.

Increasing the yield per hectare in agriculture and extending and improving our cattle breeding, after the pattern of Denmark and Switzerland.

Determining scientifically the best method of employing the time available and of coöperation in labor.

Social reform is more necessary than ever to-day, but without steadily increasing production it is condemned to failure. If German-Austria with her vast load of debt is to exist she must export, and to be able to do that she must learn to produce goods worth the price. That our workers are capable of this may be seen any day in America and in Germany, where agriculture can hardly pull through without our migratory labor. Would it not be more remunerative to import American working methods and employ them with moderation than to see our workers, the most valuable agents of production, leave the country, since every single emigrant represents a loss of energy and a squandered opportunity of export?

Oesterreichische Volkswirst

## FINANCIAL ASPECT OF THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

Let us admit that the cost of the war for the Allies and for the United States, including the expenses of demobilization, pensions, and reparation for damage incurred amounts to a round sum of £75,000,000,000. The

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Society of Nations ought to assume the responsibility for the whole of this sum and thus ought to take over at its own charge all the debts contracted by its members for war purposes and for the reparation of its damages. The responsibility in homage to the principle of equality ought to be divided among the members of the league in proportion to their wealth, and each member ought to be obliged to pay periodically into the fund of the league the proportion of the interest agreed upon. These burdens would be compensated for by a series of notable advantages such as the guaranty of territorial integrity, reciprocal treatment of favor in commercial exchanges, the use of ports and of coaling stations, and so forth. The Society of Nations would, moreover, insure its members against the eventuality of having to support a defensive war, and if such a war were imposed on one of its members the Society would take over a part of the expenses, and even give military assistance to its associates.

Every new Power that asked to become a member of the Society of Nations and thus obtained the enjoyment of these conditions would have to pay its entrance fee, that is, would have to take over a part of the common debt of the league in proportion to its wealth, to its population, and to its resources.

The Powers of Central Europe, would at first stand outside of the league. They provoked the war and continued it for a long time after every probability of victory had disappeared. According to the most elementary principles of justice, all the expenses of the war ought to fall to their charge. No one has, however, succeeded up to now in showing how this can be done, although all are convinced that the Central Powers ought to be constrained to pay all that it is possible to obtain from them. It is beyond doubt that this payment will have to be made over a series of years. It ought to be paid to the Society of Nations, and will be the first step towards the extinction of the enormous debt taken over by the Society of Nations. When Germany and her Allies will have expiated their crime and have made the reparation agreed upon, they will have acquired the necessary titles to be admitted to the league and may enter it on the same terms as the others.

In this way all peoples will be, practically speaking, forced to adhere to the Society and thus to assume their part of responsibility for the expenses of the war won for the triumph of liberty and justice. This will have the double effect of freeing the belligerents of one side from the weight of this enormous common debt and of permitting the conversion of it into a three per cent loan, which would reduce the burden falling on the contributors of the whole world.

Giornale d'Italia

## LABOR UNREST: A WORKING WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW

BY AGNES M. GREEN

[Our readers will, we think, be interested in the article printed below on the causes of the present industrial unrest. We have made inquiry, and have ascertained that the writer, Miss Green, of Netherton, near Huddersfield, is a working woman who supports herself by dressmaking and tailoring.]

A LEADING article on 'Labor Unrest' in the *Manchester Guardian* has set me wondering whether I could not give some enlightenment on the subject. I feel very diffident, though, as I am only a working woman, and not by any means used to writing; but perhaps as one who has been for so many years inarticulate myself, I have more knowledge of the inarticulate mass of labor than the labor leaders who are raised

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now above the dreary round of toil. I know that such men, like the captains of industry also, may well say that they work harder and longer than most workers. Granted, but that work is diverse and with the added sweetness of power so dear to mankind.

Personally, I do not think the majority of the workers do know quite what they want, or how to get it, or else they are afraid to state their real wishes lest they should be thought too enormous; but I should say that deep down in the hearts of most workers, and especially soldiers, there is a dim, subconscious feeling that practically all industries should belong to the people, to be controlled by them and for their benefit, and not for a section of the said people. Vaguely they wonder why that dear land for which our citizen soldiers offered themselves to the death, or, worse, the living death of a maimed life, should possess none of her great industries, but allow the said industries to be run by a small part of the people to make wealth for them and not comfort for the many.

At the election the majority of the workers voted against labor candidates because they were afraid they would be too kind to Germany and undo the security we had gained, and also because they were led away by the specious promises of the other candidates as to the social millennium they would bring. One woman I know actually voted for the coalition candidate because she believed he meant to nationalize the land. Now we are told that a simple thing like railway nationalization cannot be carried through; nay, worse still, the splendid array of factories, ships, and shipyards, built with the toil and self-denial of millions of workers, are to be handed over to the class we despise.

Tricked at the election; faced with unemployment in what should be the most joyous time of all, peace; with leaders who do not lead because, apparently, they are afraid to be called Bolsheviki; suspicious of every move of their bosses; resentful that those who toil not, can have all the sweetness of life while telling them to 'tighten their belts,' the workers, in a yet blind rage against social injustice, feel they must strike if only to assert that they have some power, even if that power, like Samson's, may bring the social edifice in ruins around them. Even then I should say there is some dim subconscious hope that out of those ruins may be raised a sweeter life, when there shall no longer be boss and bossed, but free men and women working for the country they love.

You have mentioned four ideas as panaceas. Either or all of them would not stand long, even if the trade unions promised they should do so. Personally, I think the wisest thing for the government to do would be to nationalize the great basic industries at once, as at least there would be less likelihood of those constantly recurring strikes in the industries which affect the corporate life from the hour they begin, and also in such a case there is no excuse for the plea that they need competition to develop them. It is utterly futile to attempt to exorcise the spirit of unrest by the names of Bolshevism, Guild Socialism, and the like as names of terror or contempt; such a spirit can only be laid by a happy and contented people strong in the faith of a wise and just government.

The predisposing cause of this terrible bogey of unrest sweeping through Europe, and even reaching the dreamy East, is the deep-abiding hunger of the dispossessed, and cannot be truly cured except by national ownership. I am afraid our ruling classes have not the faintest idea of this feeling, or, if they have, would rather push civiliza-

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tion to the brink of ruin than let go their hold on any industry necessary to the corporate life of the people, as witness the fatal move in selling the national ships and shipyards. It proves that the Ministry have not the faintest intention of nationalizing anything unless they are kicked into it, and naturally the workers despise a government that is only moved by threats and not justice. The English worker is not naturally restive; treated frankly and generously he would quickly respond and willingly give faithful service to his country, but he is growing deeply suspicious of a government that will give its word of honor one week, and then, if there is a good chance, break it the next.

I would suggest, then, to allay unrest, that the government proceed to take over the land, mines, railways, canals, shipping, and banking industries immediately as a preliminary to further ownership. They could be bought by the issue to the present owners of bonds sufficient to cover the present-day value, and redeemed by their surrender as payment for taxation and death duties. I also consider it would be a wise plan for the respective unions to have half share in the management, and also be put on their honor to work the trades for a certain term of years for the welfare of the nation and their own members. By those means we should be making an honest attempt to solve some problems and reach a more ordered system of society.

Your idea is good that the trade union leaders and the Ministry should have a conference with the workers to find out just what is wanted; but it would be better still if they really would try to understand the workers and carry out their wishes. In fact a good government should anticipate a people's wishes, not follow them.

I hope you will pardon the want of literary grace in this article, but I felt that I could not keep silence in such a cause. I love England deeply, and I want her to be great in the wealth of a happy, wise, generous, and brave people, healthy and free; and she cannot have that wealth until the root cause of the mischief is cast out.

The Manchester Guardian

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# TALK OF EUROPE

## LORD JELLICOE'S STORY OF JUTLAND

LORD JELLICOE has just published a book dealing with the British navy. Says the *Times* in a review:

The narrative of the battle follows very much the same lines as that of the dispatches published on July 7, 1916, but the Admiral makes it clear that neither the Grand Fleet nor the High Sea Fleet could have been aware of the presence of one another in the North Sea until they received information from their scouts. The meeting on May 31 was entirely fortuitous. It is upon the incidents connected with the manner and direction of the deployment of the Battle Fleet that Lord Jellicoe throws additional light in his statement of facts. After describing the movements of Sir David Beatty's forces up to the time of the turn to the eastward and the loss of the Invincible, the Admiral says:

'At 6.1 P.M., immediately on sighting the Lion, a signal had been made to Sir David Beatty inquiring the position of the enemy's Battle Fleet. This signal was repeated at 6.10 P.M., and at 6.14 P.M., he signaled: "Have sighted the enemy's Battle Fleet bearing south-southwest"; this report gave me the first information on which I could take effective action for deployment.

'The first definite information received on board the Fleet Flagship of the position of the enemy's Battle Fleet did not, therefore, come in until 6.14 P.M., and the position given placed it 30 degrees before the starboard beam of the Iron Duke, or 59 degrees before the starboard beam of the Marlborough, and apparently in close proximity. There was no time to lose, as there was evident danger of the starboard wing column of the Battle Fleet being engaged by the whole German Battle Fleet before deployment could be effected. So at 6.16 P.M. a signal was made to the Battle Fleet to form line of battle on the port wing column, on a course southeast by east, it being assumed that the course of the enemy was approximately the same as that of our battle cruisers.

'Speed was at the same time reduced to 14 knots, to admit of our battle cruisers passing ahead of the Battle Fleet, as there was danger of the fire of the Battle Fleet being blanketed by them.

'During the short interval, crowded with events, that had elapsed since the first flashes and sound of gunfire had been noted on board the Iron Duke, the question of most urgent importance before me had been the direction and manner of deployment.

'As the evidence accumulated that the enemy's Battle Fleet was on our starboard side, but on a bearing well before the beam of the Iron Duke, the point for decision was whether to form line of battle on the starboard or on the port wing column. My first and natural impulse was to form on the starboard wing column in order to bring the Fleet into action at the earliest possible moment, but it became increasingly apparent, both from the sound of gunfire and the reports from the Lion and Barham, that the High Sea Fleet was in such close proximity and on such a bearing as to create obvious disadvantages in such a movement. I assumed that the German destroyers would be ahead of their Battle Fleet, and it was clear that, owing to the mist, the operations of destroyers attacking from a commanding position in the van would be much facilitated; it would be suicidal to place the Battle Fleet in a position where it might be open to attack by destroyers during such a deployment.

'The further points that occurred to me were, that if the German ships were as close as seemed probable, there was considerable danger of the First Battle Squadron, and especially the Marlborough's Division, being severely handled by the concentrated fire of the High Sea Fleet before the remaining divisions could get into line to assist. Included in the First Battle Squadron were several of our older ships, with only indifferent protection as compared with the



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German capital ships, and an interval of at least four minutes would elapse between each division coming into line astern of the sixth division and a further interval before the guns could be directed on to the ship selected and their fire become effective.

'The final disadvantage would be that it appeared, from the supposed position of the High Sea Fleet, that the van of the enemy would have a very considerable "overlap" if line were formed on the starboard wing division, whereas this would not be the case with deployment on the port wing column. The overlap would necessitate a large turn of the starboard wing division to port to prevent the "T" being crossed, and each successive division coming into line would have to make this turn, in addition to the 8-point turn required to form the line. I, therefore, decided to deploy on the first, the port wing division.

'The further knowledge which I gained of the actual state of affairs after the action confirmed my view that the course adopted was the best in the circumstances.'

Illustrated by track charts and diagrams, the Admiral describes almost minute by minute the relative movements of the respective fleets, in which the Germans turned away from the British Fleet, attempting to cover their retreat by a destroyer attack. This retirement was not visible from the Iron Duke, owing to smoke and mist, but Lord Jellicoe cites the reports of a number of flag officers and captains in explanation of the movement, and he continues his narrative down to the time when, somewhere about 8.30, the Germans disappeared. The destroyer engagements after dark follow, and the Admiral's reasons for the disposition of the Fleet, with his purpose in not carrying out a night action with the battleships. In some reflections upon the battle, Lord Jellicoe deals with the questions which have arisen in relation to torpedo attack upon battle ships in a Fleet action, and the battle orders which had been prepared and issued beforehand in reference to this matter. He goes on to say:

'The Battle of Jutland was the first Fleet action since Trafalgar, if we except the action in the Russo-Japanese War, and advantage was naturally taken of the experience to make some changes in the Battle Orders; but there were no surprises in the way of enemy tactics, and, therefore, no radical alterations were necessary. As the Chief of the Staff remarked to me during the Battle Fleet engagement, "This is all going according to expectation." We did, however, obtain confirmation of our views as to the probable retiring tactics that would be adopted by the German Fleet.

'The principal changes that were made in the Battle Orders were in the direction of laying still greater emphasis on the discretionary power which was vested in flag officers commanding squadrons, owing to the difficulty, always clearly recognized, and confirmed at Jutland, which the Commander-in-Chief would experience in controlling the movements of the whole Fleet in the heat of action; also in defining still further the different movements that might be adopted to deal with torpedo attacks, whether the torpedoes were fired from battleships or from destroyers.

'The German attacks at Jutland did not produce any great effect, and their importance should not be exaggerated. The turn of the British Battle Fleet opened the range some 1,750 yards, but *it was not this turn which led to the difficulty of keeping touch with the enemy.* That difficulty was due to the fact that the German Fleet made a very large turn to the westward under cover of a smoke screen at the moment of launching the earliest destroyer attacks. Neither our battle cruisers ahead of our van (which did not turn away at the time, as it was not necessary in their case) nor the Battle Fleet were able to regain touch until 8.20 P.M., because of the retirement of the enemy.'

### THE GLASGOW STRIKE

THE great British strikes are matters of deep import and deserve the most careful study. At Glasgow affairs were so bad that 'six tanks were sent to the city and stationed in the Cattle Market.' A correspondent writes:

As intimated in my message last night, the Clyde strike has now developed into open riot. Since Monday the leaders, Shinwell, Gallagher, Kirkwood, and Hopkins, have been making speeches in which there have been thinly-veiled incitements to vio-

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lence. To-day Glasgow experiences the result of the freedom permitted to the advocates of Bolshevism. Fortunately, the authorities have declined to be intimidated by these followers of Lenine, and have arrested Gallagher and Kirkwood. They might have done this earlier.

At noon an enormous crowd assembled in St. George's Square to hear the result of the leaders' ultimatum to the government and the Lord Provost, with the intimation that if the replies were unsatisfactory the strikers would adopt unconstitutional methods from noon to-day. Immediately the reply of Mr. Bonar Law was known the trouble began. Gallagher and Hopkins were making the usual inciting speeches when the crowd endeavored to hold up the trams. A large force of police came out of the municipal buildings and attempted quietly to move the crowd from the front of the cars, but the strikers resisted, and began to pull the trolleys off the overhead wires; so the police were compelled to use their batons. With this development the situation became very ugly. The Riot Act was read, and the crowds were charged by foot and mounted police.

Many of the strikers rushed up a side street, and here they broke into public houses and shops to obtain bottles and other weapons with which to fight the police. This street and the front of the municipal buildings are covered with broken glass, and many people have been injured. The action of the authorities has for the moment checked the disturbance, but further trouble is probable.

The Lanarkshire miners who are on strike also caused a riot this morning at Bellshill, and eight of them were arrested. This strike of miners has been organized by certain defeated labor candidates, and its object is entirely Bolshevik, like the Clyde strike.

There were several lively incidents during the fighting. While the Sheriff was reading the Riot Act it was torn from his hand and he was struck with a bottle. Several of the strike leaders were also injured, including Gallagher and Kirkwood. Altogether about thirty persons were injured. Shinwell appears to have got away, but it is rumored that he also was hurt. After the scene in St. George's Square the strikers went to Glasgow Green to hold a meeting. On the way through the Salt Market they attacked the tramcars, destroying the trolley poles and smashing the windows, and the police again charged the mob. In Renfield Street the windows of a tobacconist's shop were broken and the shop looted by the crowd, considerably over £100 worth of cigars and other things being stolen. I afterwards saw some of the strikers smoking the expensive cigars thus secured. Another riot occurred at Glasgow Cross, and in Argyle Street an attempt was made to break into a gun-maker's shop to obtain weapons.

Quite a large number of resolutions are being passed by loyal Trade Unionists condemning the strike and the violence and intimidation adopted by the leaders. Last night the Glasgow board of the British Workers' League also passed a resolution protesting against the incitements of the strike leaders to violence. On all sides the strikers are condemned, but by none more vigorously than by the hundreds of Trade Unionists who have been forced to leave their work.

The lighting of the city is becoming more difficult, and to-night there are no street lamps lit.

### AN ENGLISHMAN IN GERMANY

When I first arrived in Germany I was amazed by the friendliness with which I was everywhere received. As an Englishman, I was practically assured of a welcome wherever I might go. I learned within a few hours of my arrival in Berlin that to speak English in a public place and in the street, or in an overcrowded train, was to be assured, not of hostile looks (as before the war), but of smiles and assistance. At first I was inclined to despise the Germans for this more than for anything they had done during the war. I thought that it showed lack of pride, amounting almost to indecency, that it was the insinuating courtesy of the vanquished to the victors. But in a very few days I realized that this diagnosis was substantially wrong. Lack of national pride in our sense of the word there certainly is in Germany; but that does not account for the present attitude of the

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German people towards the Anglo-Saxons. The friendliness is quite genuine. It may, not survive the peace terms, but for the moment it is quite real They like to hear English spoken in their streets, not because the English have beaten them and must be propitiated, but because it is to them a symbol that their long isolation from the whole world is ended at last. There may be something of the less admirable motive in it, but the main reason is simply that. One evidence of the truth of this is that they do not feel or act in the same way towards the French. They fear and distrust the French. And they know that they have reason to expect revenge for what they did in 1870, and for what they have done since 1914. But they recognize the essential disinterestedness of the Anglo-Saxons; and, as far as I could discern, have no sort of feeling or bitterness against us. On the second evening (December 11th) after I arrived in Berlin, I was dining in a restaurant, and the bandmaster came up and asked me in English whether there was anything I would like the band to play. I said, of course, 'Tipperary,' and 'Tipperary' was played — one violinist knowing the air, and the others improvising an accompaniment — and was received by the other diners with smiling good humor. Afterwards they played 'Tannenbaum,' and expected me to smile.

### 'A PARTING WORD'

A LEAFLET headed 'A Parting Word,' which has been put by Germans into the hands of British prisoners of war on their way home from German camps, seems to be so characteristic an example of the after-the-war mentality of the world's enemy as to deserve quotation word for word. Its unctuous, let-bygones-be-bygones tone reveals the Chadband spirit crystallized with true Teutonic completeness. By those who know what our unfortunate officers and men interned in Germany have suffered and are still suffering this document will surely be regarded as the most insolent in all its big, black *dossier*. Here is the text:

Gentlemen: The war is over! A little while — and you will see your native land again, your homes, your loved ones, your friends. You will once more take up your accustomed work.

The fortune of war brought you as prisoners into our hands. You were freed, even against your will, from the fighting, from danger, from death. But the joys of peace could not be yours, for there was no peace. Now peace is coming, and peace means liberty. When you are already reunited to your families, thousands of our countrymen will still be pining in far-off prison camps with hearts as hungry for home as yours.

You have suffered in confinement — as who would not? It was the fate of every prisoner in every prison camp in the world to eat his heart out with longing, to chafe against loss of liberty, to suffer from homesickness, brooding, discouragement, blank despair. The days, the weeks, the weary years crept by, and there was no end in sight. There were many discomforts, irritations, misunderstandings.

Your situation has been a difficult one. Our own has been desperate. Our country blockaded, our civil population and army suffering from want of proper, sufficient food and materials, the enormous demands made upon our harassed land from every side — these and many other afflictions made it impossible to do all that we should have liked to do. Under the circumstances we did our best to lessen the hardships of your lot, to insure your comfort, to provide you with pastime, employment, mental and bodily recreation. It is not likely that you will ever know how difficult our circumstances have been.

We know that errors have been committed and that there have been hardships for which the former system was to blame. There have been wrongs and evils on both sides. We hope that you will always think of that — and be just.

You entered the old Empire of Germany; you leave the new Republic — the newest and, as we hope to make it, the freest land in the world. We are sorry that you saw so little of what we were proud of in the former Germany — our arts, our sciences, our model cities, our theatres, schools, in-

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dustries, our social institutions, as well as the beauties of our scenery and the real soul of our people, akin in so many ways to your own.

But these things will remain part of the New Germany. Once the barriers of artificial hatred and misunderstanding have fallen, we hope that you will learn to know, in happier times, these grander features of the land whose unwilling guests you have been. A barbed wire enclosure is not the proper point of view from which to survey or judge a great nation.

The war has blinded all nations. But if a true and just peace will result in opening the eyes of the peoples to the fact that their interests are common — that no difference in flags, governments, speech, or nationality can alter the great truth of the fraternity of all men, this war will not have been fought in vain. If the peoples at last realize that it is not each other who are their enemies, but the ruthless forces of Imperialism and Capitalism, of Militarism of all sorts, of Jingo Journalism that sows falsehood, hatred, and suspicion, then this war will not have been fought for nothing. Then peace will not be established in vain.

We hope that everyone of you will go home carrying a message of good will, of conciliation, of enlightenment. Let all men in our new epoch go forth as missionaries of the new evangel, as interpreters between nation and nation.

The valiant dead who once fought against each other have long been sleeping as comrades side by side in the same earth. May the living who once fought against each other labor as comrades side by side upon this self-same earth.

That is the message with which we bid you farewell.

### THE GERMAN GOVERNMENT'S APPEAL TO THE WORKERS

THE following exhortation has been addressed to German workmen. The text is translated from the *Soziale Praxis:*

The gains of the Socialist revolution are threatened! The approaching catastrophe becomes daily more clearly defined. The war has made us poor, defeat has made us even poorer. Our land is neglected and exhausted, our cattle are all slaughtered, our means of communication are ruined. Machinery for the production of peace goods is worn out, and partially useless; essential raw materials cannot be obtained. Oppressive armistice terms restrict our liberty of movement. Monstrous burdens are laid upon us by the victorious enemy.

Workmen! With you, and with you alone, does it lie to avert this disaster. You must reëstablish our shattered economy. You must see to it that famine and civil war, as well as the consequences of civil war, *i.e.*, the destruction of all that has been gained by the revolution — by your revolution — are not brought upon us.

You must work. Socialism demands work — can only exist with work for its foundation. He who is idle because he must be, gets a maintenance; but he who is idle when he might, and should, work makes himself and others so much the poorer, and sins against his nation and its socialistic future; preparing the way for total collapse, which will finally overwhelm him also.

Workmen, do not stay crowded together in the big towns, where industry cannot provide you all with work, and where famine will come upon you in the end, because food cannot be brought thither. Go out to the country, into provincial towns. Labor which lies idle in the big towns is urgently needed there. Go to the labor bureaus. They will tell you where to find lucrative employment, which will support you and help in the regeneration of the people.

No one should persist in remaining in the place whither he has come since the war. The liberty, the future, the very existence of our socialistic republic depends on the reasonable behavior and the social discipline of each individual.

Workmen, protect your revolution from the attacks of any kind of reaction. Save it from ruin by famine and economic distress.

Council of the People's Representatives:
EBERT, HAASE, SCHEIDEMANN,
DITTMANN, LANDSBERG, BARTH.

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### LUDENDORFF AGAIN

In the *Tag*, Wilhelm Breucker, who is described as personally acquainted with Ludendorff, with whom he conversed after the Field Marshal's dismissal, states that on November 13 Ludendorff wrote as follows to the German Government *via* the War Minister:

'Tell me what you want. I am not working against you. I loyally submit to the situation created by the Kaiser's abdication, though reserving my opinion. I must, however, beg your protection against the machinations and persecution of irresponsible persons who have been inflamed against me. I ask, not for my own sake, but for the sake of those who are ready to accept me, that they should be protected from molestation. If you are not actively able to give such protection, I request your permission to go abroad for a time, until conditions in Germany have settled down again. I must, however, emphasize the fact that I am always ready and expect to account for my policy and my actions.' On the evening of the same day (November 13) Ludendorff was informed that the Imperial Government agreed to his going abroad.

### THE NEW HOUSE OF COMMONS

What struck one most about the new House of Commons, when it met for the first time, was the absence of familiar countenances. At the first glance the crowded benches seemed filled with strangers. Here and there, apart from the two front benches, one could pick out faces that one knew. But the flood of new men seemed to engulf them. They spread over the ministerial benches, packed the seats below the gangway, and overflowed on to the opposition side, where the independent Liberals and Labor members appeared to hold a precarious footing on the front bench and the row behind.

The Treasury bench, which was in the main held by junior ministers, on either side of Mr. Bonar Law, seemed alone to have retained some semblance to its former state. But one looked in vain on the front opposition bench for the figures which have played a prominent part in the House for the last twenty years and more. The absence of Mr. Asquith gave a shock to old hands in the gallery, who have spent so many years in recording his speeches. For more than twenty years he has been a chief figure in our Parliamentary sketches, and it will be a long time before we are accustomed to his absence.

He seemed an essential part of the House of Commons, so that when one thought of the House, one thought of Mr. Asquith. And now one has to adjust one's mind not only to his absence, but to the blotting out of many other figures who have played a prominent part at Westminster in recent years. You caught yourself thinking that imagination must have played a trick on the senses, and that presently Mr. Runciman, Mr. Herbert Samuel, Mr. McKenna, Sir John Simon, Mr. McKinnon Wood, and Mr. Gulland would come in to take their accustomed places, and that they would leave a vacant seat for Mr. Asquith, who at the appointed moment would walk in from behind the Speaker's chair. Perhaps this will happen again. And in the meantime the front opposition bench has its veterans. Sir Donald Maclean makes a *beau sabreur* of a leader. Next to him sat Mr. Adamson, chairman of the Labor Party, evidently a trifle shy in the limelight, nervously fingering his notes for the speech that he was to make congratulating the Speaker on his nomination to the chair — an honest, sincere little speech. On his left sat Mr. George Lambert, Captain Wedgwood Benn, Mr. J. W. Wilson, and Mr. Hogge. On his right, next to Mr. Adamson, were Mr. Thorne, who shares the office of Whip with Mr. Hogge, and a row of Labor members — Mr. Brace, Mr. Clynes, Mr. Thomas Richards, Mr. Hodge, and Mr. Crooks, with the Labor Whip, Mr. Tyson Wilson. Mr. Walsh, who had a right to sit on the front bench, preferred the corner seat above. On the front opposition bench also sat Sir Henry Norman, Sir Richard Winfrey, and Sir Thomas Whittaker, and two Unionists, Sir William Bull and Sir Harry Samuel. Sir Frederick Banbury was nowhere to be seen.

Most marked was the absence of the Irish members, whose seats were occupied

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by stanch Unionists like Mr. Ronald McNeil, Mr. Stewart, and Colonel Yate. In the place of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Mr. Snowden, and the little group of 'pacifists,' sat other Unionists, while at the corner of the front bench below the gangway, so often tenanted by Lord Hugh Cecil, was Mr. Bottomley, marking another of the extraordinary changes which have taken place. You may be sure that Mr. Bottomley does not mean to play a silent part in the House.

There were very few men in khaki, another note of difference. The new House was in the main a black-coated throng. The silk hat had reappeared, with the tail coat. It is a younger and more carefully dressed assembly, reminding one of the 1900 Parliament, and essentially a Tory assembly.

## THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

**Mr. J. R. Clynes** is one of the ablest leaders of English labor. In 1918 he succeeded Lord Rhondda as Food Controller.

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**Signor Antonio Salandra,** late Premier of Italy and statesman of international distinction, long upheld, in his native country, the cause and the ideals of the Allies.

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**Vicomte Davignon** is a member of the new Belgian Cabinet, and has long been associated with Belgian political life.

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The name of **Laurence Binyon,** poet and critic, is too well known to Americans to require comment.

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**Dr. Julius Wilhelm,** journalist and sociologist, holds high rank in Germany as an interpreter and student of industrial conditions.

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## SILVER BADGEMAN

BY C. K. SCOTT-MONCRIEFF

*To Robert Nichols*

Houses I hate now, who have seen houses strewn,
A bitter matter for battle, by sun and by moon:
Stones crumbled, bricks broken, timbers charred and rotten,
And the smell of the ghost of a house: these are ill-forgotten.

Gardens, too, I hate; for I have seen gardens going
Into green slime and brown swamp, no flowers growing
In pits where old rains linger, stale snows harden,
And only graves, where roses grew, still tell of the garden.

And I hate ploughed lands, who have been set a-ploughing
Crooked furrows to fight in, where the guns go sowing
Bodies of men in the trenches, and gray mud covers
Fools, philosophers, failures, laborers, lovers.

Quenched now, flame into smoke, is the brightness and boldness
Of the men were my friends in their life, turned staleness and coldness;
Indestructible old things, be you now my friends,
Take me into the old life as the new life ends.

I have gone up to the dark wood where the old things grow,
The bracken and the badger and the snail and the sloe.
I will dwell in the ground there, and learn there to cherish
The old things, for the new things, the loved things, perish.

I have gone up to the wood where, in the ages before me
Grappling, my hairy ancestors got me and bore me;
I have sought out the caves where, pursued, my mothers
Whimpered, and turned to receive their grunting lovers.

. . . Yet not these in their time loved peace nor knew it,
Who, scenting afar their quarry, grew swift to pursue it,
When a brown arm, shot from the bough, caught the bird for plunder,
Or limb from limb on the ground tore the screaming rabbit asunder.

So no peace shall I find, for in all the ages,
Short and harsh man's life is and death is its wages.
Life goes hot from the throat, by a cry made holy,
Or passes, bedded in towns, with unction, slowly.

Here, day follows on day, but, among their number
Hidden, a day shall dawn when alert from slumber
I no more shall arise; but these limbs lie rotten,
Cold in the cave, by curious insects quickly forgotten.

— None to bury me, none to remember me, none to pity —
Swift, shaking leaves from my sides, I fly to the city;
There find friends in my need who will not forsake me;
Thence in fullness of days my death shall take me.

The New Statesman

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## FAITH

BY RUSSELL GREEN

When a foam of snow is hurtled
Under the bare black trees,
And rain is on the seas
And winter on the world,
Yet when I think of her
I know where summer is.



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